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Alfred F. Horrigan, Editor

Dominic Pallone, Business Mgr.

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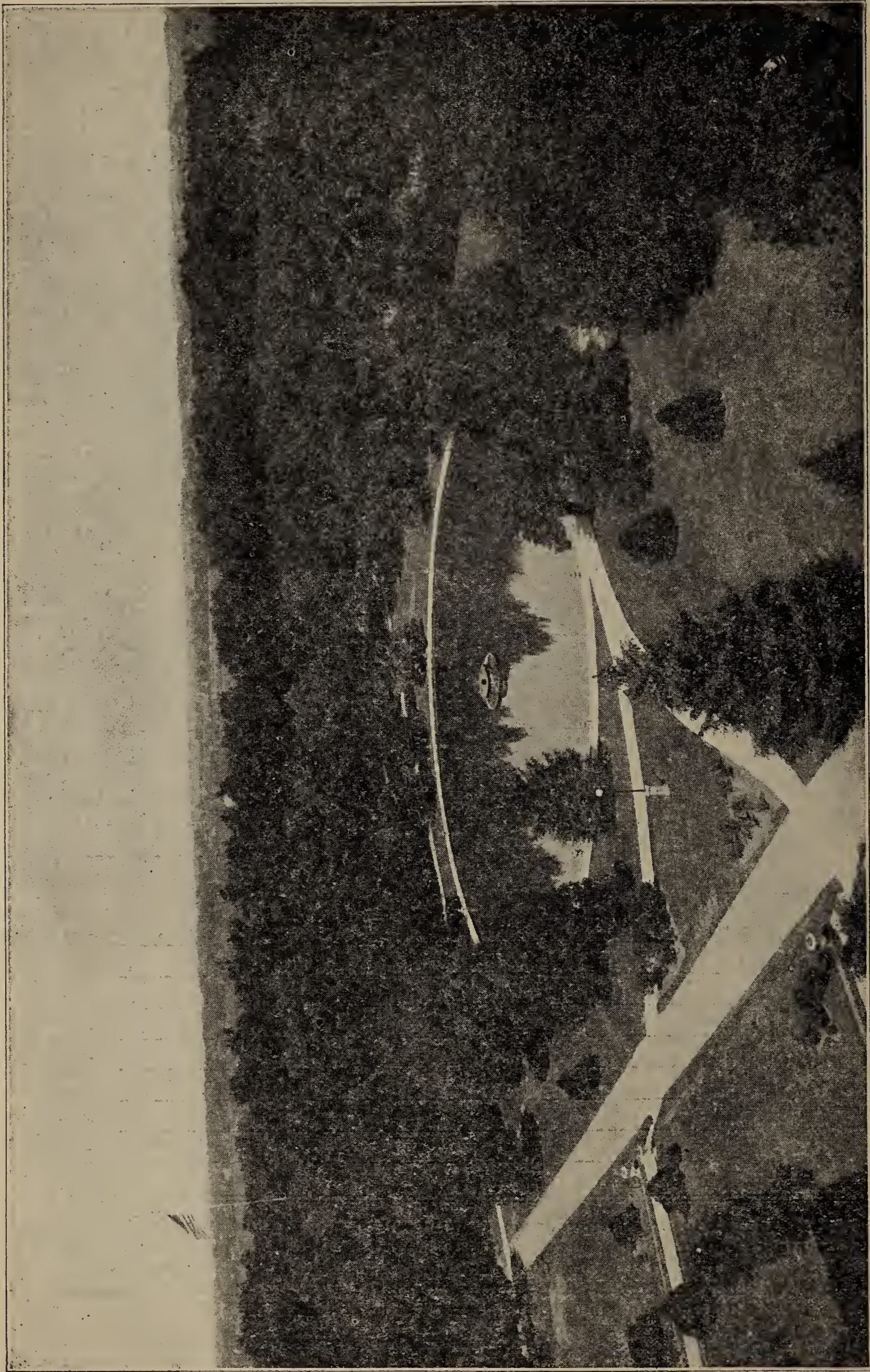
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Lake and Campus View



A Jolt to My Preference

Edward McCarthy '35

CERTAINLY more by chance, for surely it was not by habit, that I found myself seated near a ponderous pair of brass fire-dogs, and that, too, very recently, with a tiny gingham-bound anthology of contemporary poetry in my hands. The flames were snapping among the logs on the hearth rather briskly but appeared to be apathetic to the brass fire-dogs. Of course the metal was useless as fuel, and I have as much antipathy for poetry as flames might have for mere brass. I turned the leaves of the book with long-fingered drowsiness. Nothing on the leaves of that book stirred my mind; about me nothing stirred; I think that I began to nod. Sleep? No, I wanted to read, and pulling myself together I proceeded with the task.

What! my heart throbbed; I felt new life—alive; I pounded over the lines—the words seized me, drove me onward. I finished the poem

and felt surprised. Had it been an essay, I would not have been surprised, for I read essays by preference. To retain the exalted mood that carried me away, I read those pages again. Who wrote them? Gilbert K. Chesterton — “Lepanto” —. Could I wax excited over a poem? I did so in this instance. I sung, danced, rolled; if not in reality, at least in my mind, and I did so, not because the author’s name appeared, for I knew that Chesterton had written this ballad, “Lepanto,” but because I had experienced a thrill such as I did not think poems could give.

Some of that thrill of delight which I shared while reading “Lepanto” may have come from the virile form—the mould as it were for rugged music—, but I am not interested in form. If it did interest me, I could make comment, and that perhaps of a kind I am unworthy to make. The fact is that

I do not care a whit to shatter my feeling of exaltation by picking about for discrepancies—excavating a skeleton. I shall leave this matter to “kai-counters” and sticklers who consider wire-drawing and hairsplitting a magnificent specialty. For me it is all engrossing that I have discovered a really modern poem that is thoroughly appealing.

But, no matter how happy a person may have grown over the possession of this or that treasure, a bugbear will be encountered—if not a fly, then at least a gnat in the ointment—which detracts from the pleasure secured. In studying what poetry means, I find that the subject matter of “Lepanto” is not poetic. Here perhaps is the reason that my fancy was captured by the work. After all, is it not mainly an essay, that form of composition that I love above all others? Certainly, Chesterton has amassed a great number of historical facts. History as such belongs to the essay; then why should “Lepanto” be classed as a poem any more than Alexander Pope’s “Essay on Man” and his “Essay on Criticism?” Both these productions are scored very severely as being unpoetic. But Chesterton did what Pope did not do so well. Chesterton is powerful in his poetic presentation; Pope, though clear, is too genteel. In his case facts crowd out poetry, whereas in the case of Chesterton sheer poetic power overwhelms facts. Hence it is that his “Lepanto” stands as a monument to poetic expression.

He knows something, Chesterton does, but his feeling sublimates his knowledge. In consequence he tells that something which he knows in beautiful words, illustrates it with beautiful images, and a full-rounded poem emerges. His handling of the facts in connection with poetic feeling requires but a few lines for evidence:

“In that enormous silence, tiny and
unafraid,
Comes up along the winding road
the noise of the Crusade,
For Don Juan of Austria is going
to the war”—to the battle of
Lepanto.

Lines of this kind in the poem brought to my mind a simile. Lepanto, the battle is not painted, but something far greater is explained by Chesterton, who has a right to explain. In virtue of his explanation—and this explanation is not outside the poem itself—I have conceived “Lepanto’s” subject matter as a tough, gaudy chariot wheel. The glistening hub of the wheel is the naval battle of Lepanto, October 7, 1571, and the stout spokes of the wheel are the empires of men. The spokes bear no little weight; their load is a heavy one. To signify the warring nations a black tarantula might serve better as a comparison. Anyhow, the point is that Chesterton has woven into his poetic tapestry of the battle of Lepanto the entire far-reaching significance of the historical event involved.

"Lepanto," furthermore, is a man's battle cry. It is the battle cry of the Crusades; not of the Crusaders, but of the spirit of the Crusades. To me it seems to be a shout of victory, transcending all politics, including all nations and embracing all men. From the very hearts of men, Chesterton has torn their faith only to fling it into their teeth. He has blown the trumpet call of Christianity; sounded Christianity's battle cry. In other words, "Lepanto" is universal in its appeal in contrast with anything sectional. Again, this poem is not the pean of Lepanto merely because it signifies the triumph of Christianity over a sinister anti-Christian power; it is rather a challenge to every one who calls himself a Christian to think and to act.

Because "Lepanto" gave me an unusual thrill, I began to cast about for other poems in the hope to have that thrill repeated, and this, too, in spite of my deep-seated preference for the essay. "The Wild Ride" by Louise Imogen Guiney gave me pleasure, but its pulsing organic rhythm without consistent meter failed to make it as appealing to me as "Lepanto." The same I might say about "The (galloping) Highwayman" by Alfred Noyes and about "Monotone" by Carl Sandburg. Ex-

cellent, though these poems are, they are not "Lepanto" for me. Up to now, I have not had my original thrill repeated.

As I held to my anthology before the blazing fire on that occasion when first I resolved to read a poem, I felt different than I do now. My mind, however, is still in a state of delight. With his poem as a battle lance, Chesterton has aroused me, and with it as a banner, he leads me,—but I now have a banner in my own hands.

It is often maintained that a great author's memorial is his own handiwork. Chesterton's handiwork is his unique manner in the use of both poetry and prose. "Qualis est ipse homo, talis est ejus oratio." By its martial air, its singular power, "Lepanto" betrays its author, as he evidently wants to be betrayed, as an intellectual giant. A giant in intellect, Gilbert Keith Chesterton certainly is beyond all question. Be in prose or in verse, he is always challenging, fascinating, pleasing, mighty. I admired him as a literary genius before I read "Lepanto," but this poem makes me see him in a fuller and brighter light—a light, white with heat and energy that clearly shows the road on which the mind might choose to travel.

Inspiration

C. Bowling '34

When the Muse of song would flatter me
By wafting petals from her wreath, I reach
In haste for quill or style, or e'er that gift
Be lost within oblivion's dismal realm
And rob some yearning friend of cherished hope.
Fumbling, I strive to seize that fitful light
Now shining faintly through the curtained night
For me from watchtower on a troubled sea.
A moment now, they shine effulgently
Those rays from golden El Dorado's shores
Only to be swallowed up in clouds
Of dark and sore depressing gloominess.
In blind despair I seek the Golden Fleece
While plying Neptune's angry waters deep
But here an undertow tugs at my craft
And over me the whelming billows close.

My light is out. Yet now to give me hope
Through bluing skies a bird of Eden comes
And brings a message from Melpomene.
I grasp it as with falcon's talons fierce
And avidly I think the prize is won
Only to find within my tightening claws
A disappointing, vacant emptiness.
Like blaze of light through sky's cerulean dome
The Eden bird escapes. I stand there mocked;
My efforts vain bring on a taunting sense
Such as a beggar well might feel when at
The door of alms he is repulsed. Ah, may
That bird of Fantasy return to find
My welcome ever warm. And may the Muse
Not spurn my home on this drear planet's bourne,
But come and soothe my throbbing temple's heat
By her fair charms that are a priceless boon
To one encumbered by the cares of life.



The Diamond Thief

Joseph A. Jacobs '34

IN the midst of tall, stately pines and oaks stood the Maliford mansion all ablaze with light. Its location was just outside of Atlantic City. In honor of Mrs. Maliford's brother, James Regan, who was visiting her, a ball was being held in the mansion.

"Oh, yes, I regret that Gordon, my husband, is not present on this evening," said the hostess, Mrs. Maliford, "but, as you all know, his chosen hobby keeps him abroad most of the time."

"He, however, always manages to send you some delightful souvenir to remind you that he is an affectionate husband. This kindness on his part must surely atone for his

absence," observed one of the guests.

"Yes, indeed, Gordon is very thoughtful," replied Mrs. Maliford. "Tomorrow is our wedding anniversary. I know that he will remember and I am a trifle anxious to find out what he will send me as a gift."

Similar bits of conversation concerning Mr. Gordon Maliford, the owner of the mansion, drifted into the conversation repeatedly throughout the evening. The assembled guests regretted his absence, but they knew that his business, that of connoisseur of antiques, required almost continuous traveling. It was plain, however, from his frequent letters and gifts to his wife that he longed to be at home.

Shortly after noon, on the following day, the wedding anniversary of the Malifords, while Mr. Regan, her brother, was explaining to Mrs. Maliford the meaning of the exquisite engraving on a rare vase sent home by her husband, Jane, the maid, brought a letter on a silver tray—a letter that had just arrived by messenger.

“Very likely a telegram for you,” said Jane holding out the tray to Mrs. Maliford.

Hurriedly opening the envelope, Mrs. Maliford read: “Holding a valuable package for you. Kindly instruct as to delivery.” Balle-Mores-Scott, Jewelers, Atlantic City.

“Oh, it must be from Gordon! I can hardly wait to see what he has sent this time,” delightedly observed Mrs. Maliford.

“I’ll be glad to run the errand for you,” her brother cheerfully offered.

“Will you, dear, I shall be so happy if you will?” consented Mrs. Maliford.

Anxious to please his sister, Mrs. Maliford, Mr. Regan was off at once for Balles-Mores-Scott, Jewelry Company. The manager of the company, Mr. Mores, having made sure of Mr. Regan’s identity by phone, delivered the package to him with orders that it must remain wrapped and sealed until handed to Mrs. Maliford. The orders would not have been necessary; not for any price would Mr. Regan have interfered with his sister’s happiness.

Having opened the package, Mrs. Maliford was overwhelmed with joy. There before her eyes, in a beautiful white plush case, lay a diamond necklace, seven diamonds in all, and graduated in size, with a large one at the center.

“O look, brother, look!” exclaimed Mrs. Maliford almost breathless with joy. “Dear Gordon, oh, he is such a dear; he always sends the loveliest things to me!”

“Put it on,” ordered her brother.

“No, no,” objected Mrs. Maliford, “it looks too pretty in its case; I want to admire it for a good long while just as it is before I remove it. But come now,” she continued, “let’s have tea. You have run this most agreeable errand for me, and an invitation to tea is the only reward you will accept, that I know. We can return later and admire the gift at leisure and to our utmost satisfaction.”

Saying these words, Mrs. Maliford closed the case carefully and accompanied her brother to the tea room. While at tea, the conversation between the two centered on the necklace and upon the engaging kindness of Mr. Maliford in sending something so appropriate in kind and of such unusual value. They were interested in guessing at the price of the diamonds; Mrs. Maliford had just placed her estimate at fifty thousand dollars; Mr. Regan, her brother, ventured a guess of sixty thousand, when Jane, the maid, who was busy in a neighboring room, rushed quickly into the tea

room to announce that she had heard noise in Mrs. Maliford's boudoir.

"Somebody is after those diamonds," shouted Mr. Regan as he fairly bolted up the stairs that led to his sister's private apartments. Mrs. Maliford and the maid followed him in great excitement. That a window had been widely opened was the first thing that all three noticed and then, what almost took their breath away caught their eyes. A strange hand had tampered with the diamond necklace. There it lay partly withdrawn from its case.

"My necklace, my necklace!" exclaimed Mrs. Maliford, and rushed to take it up. But Mr. Regan restrained her.

"Touch nothing," he warned, "until a good detective has surveyed the entire room. Come along with me; leave things as they are; I shall summon a detective at once."

Upon Mr. Regan's call, a regular sleuth from the Reliable Detective Agency quickly put in his appearance. He proceeded calmly; asked several questions about the position of the furniture in the room; inspected the window sill for possible markings, but seemingly could find no workable clue. Seating himself in a chair to think the situation over for a while, he gazed steadily at the partially disclosed diamond necklace. A stray fly in the room was observed to perch intently on a diamond immediately aside of the large central one. He drove the fly away several times, but it persisted

in returning to its chosen place.

"Here is a clue," the detective said to himself, "even if only a slight one. Evidently there is a finger print to be had from that diamond which attracts that fly. It is hard to get a finger print from an irregular surface, but I shall try my luck."

While preparing to make a negative of the finger mark on the smaller diamond, he noticed tiny remnants of red wax on the edges of the large central one. That a wax impression must have been made of that large diamond now became clear to him. If only the taking of a negative of the finger mark, as he hoped to do, would prove successful, the clue might disclose a trail. By using the best tricks of the trade known to him, the negative was obtained, and fortunately for him, it was suitable for making a picture.

"But of what use can that mere finger print be to you?" asked Mr. Regan, the brother of Mrs. Maliford. "There may be dozens of them on the various diamonds in the necklace."

"That may all be true," answered the detective, "but none of you in this house has touched the diamonds as I was informed, and since this finger print is a fresh one as indicated by attracting that fly, it may be serviceable in my plans; in fact it may lead to discovering the fellow who has made the wax impression. Do you see these tiny remnants of red wax on that large

diamond? They show that wax has been used. Furthermore, it is known to me that all large diamond-sales companies have finger prints of their employees on hand. The company that handles articles of the expensive kind to which this necklace belongs surely is provided with this sort of prints, and it is to that company I shall go to scent out a trail if possible."

Coming to the firm of Balle-Mores-Scott, the detective explained all that had happened at the mansion of Mrs. Maliford. Yes, the firm had finger prints of its employees on hand and readily accommodated the detective with an inspection of them. But Mr. Mores, the head of the firm explained very nonchalantly that none of his men could come into the plot as none of them had touched the necklace. The article had been sent to his firm merely for safe delivery. Of course, he admitted that his chief jeweler, Mr. Mackail, knew what the package contained, but naturally had not opened the package. Besides Mr. Mackail was known to be a man of unimpeachable honesty.

Mr. Mores' words concerning Mr. Mackail almost made the detective laugh out loud, but he suppressed his feelings. By this time he had already seen that the finger print he had matched that of the most honest Mr. Mackail. Pretending that he had discovered nothing, the detective now left the firm. But he had learnt the names of several of the employees of the firm, and

from them he later on found out where Mr. Mackail had his lodging. To this lodging he would go, for surely there the wax impression might be discovered.

Having learned that Mr. Mackail was a bachelor; that he lived at the Giltedge Hotel where he occupied suite 216, and that during the day he usually was never at home, the detective planned to get access to that particular suite, but he would have to wait until late on the following day to carry out this plan. On that evening he bethought himself how to proceed. Surely the suite would be locked during Mr. Mackail's absence. Gradually an idea came to his mind that he would dress like a mechanic; carry tools with himself and pretend that he had been ordered by Mr. Mackail to go to the designated suite and there repair some jeweler's instruments. Once he had access to the suite, all would work well providing Mr. Mackail was the guilty party.

Late on the following morning, when he felt quite sure that Mr. Mackail would be at his place of business, the detective went about his job with that ease and bluff that bar all suspicion. At the hotel he encountered no difficulty; his appearance gave no cause for surprise. He was brought to Mr. Mackail's suite, and since he had explained his errand very plausibly, he was permitted to enter without much ado. He proceeded with the adroitness of a sneak-thief, who quickly smells out the place of a

hidden treasure. Keys he had with himself for every variety of lock. In a small drawer of a chiffonier, designed to contain such jewelry as a gentleman might use, he found what made him gasp with astonishment. There among trinkets lay several wax moulds, different in color, all bearing the impressions of diamonds. There, too, was the red mould; the one and only one that could figure in the plot. Of course this one had to be taken; all else about the suite had to be arranged in such a way as not to leave the slightest chance to arouse suspicion that things had been searched.

With the red wax mould in his possession, the detective hurried to change his workman's clothing and drove quickly to the Maliford mansion. Here the mould was found to match the large diamond in the necklace perfectly. There was now plenty of evidence to cause the arrest of Mr. Mackail. Towards evening of the day, when Mackail had returned to his suite, two policemen came to him and served notice for his arrest. Mr. Mackail was beside himself with surprise when informed that he was being arrested upon evidence found in his own suite. He could see no signs of anybody having been present during his absence to inspect his belongings. Of course he was given no chance to make inquiry of the hotel officials.

On the next day in court, he was subjected to a long questioning concerning any designs he had on the expensive diamond necklace of

Mrs. Maliford. He made stout denials and played the role of the innocent party to his own evident satisfaction throughout the course of the questioning. But the duplicate of his finger print made him wilt; the sight of the red wax mould flustered him. Yet it required a stiff third degree to make him confess. His confession ran in part as follows:

"When I heard of the diamond necklace which Mrs. Maliford was to receive, I determined at once to get possession of it. Accordingly, I followed her brother, Mr. Regan whom she had sent to get the package, to the mansion where she lives. As I suspected, so it happened. All present were so excited about the valuable necklace that I got a chance to enter the mansion unperceived. From my place of vantage, I could hear them talk; I could even locate where they were in the house. And when Mrs. Maliford asked her brother to tea, my chance came. I slipped up stairs to her boudoir; made a wax impression of the large diamond in the center of the necklace. That was all I needed in order to know how the necklace was constructed. I was about to replace the necklace in its case when I heard some one in the room below. Fearing that I might be detected, I opened the window carefully; removed the screen which accidentally fell from my hand and caused noticeable noise. The noise was heard for immediately I noticed a stir down stairs. Through the window

I escaped without further delay and by the help of a small porch at the side of the house, I came to the ground safely and got out of sight before anybody saw me."

"But why didn't you take the diamonds with you when you had them in your possession, or practically so," inquired a lawyer.

"Because the theft would have been too easily detected," answered Mr. Mackail. "My plan was to make a substitute necklace of quartz doublets which by the aid of a silver paste can be made to look almost as brilliant as diamonds especially by artificial light. Since ladies usually wear necklaces of evenings, the substitute could be discovered only by an expert. After making the substitute necklace, I would have been obliged merely to await my good time in making the exchange. Then, too, the matter would have caused no stir, as no one would have been the wiser."

"This is an interesting case," observed the judge, "have you tried this trick before?"

"I have," replied Mr. Mackail, "but only for the space of the past two years."

"Officers, take this prisoner to jail. His case requires further in-

vestigation," commanded the judge.

The firm of Balle-Mores-Scott was informed of the confession made by Mr. Mackail, their chief jeweler. From the records of the firm nine names and addresses of persons were learned to whom diamond necklaces of extraordinary value had been consigned within the last two years. These persons were asked to return the necklaces for examination. All, excepting one, were found to be quartz doublets and that one belonged to Mrs. Maliford. The remaining wax moulds were brought from Mr. Mackail's suite at the Gilt-edge Hotel, and by their aid his method of thievery was unearthed. Since he later admitted that he sold the diamonds at whatever price he could get for them, it was supposed that his bank account would be a large one, and it proved to be such. There was sufficient money to his credit to cover all loss by theft on the part of those persons who had been duped in the diamond racket. All these persons were reimbursed out of Mr. Mackail's bank account, but as for himself, Mr. Mackail, once highly honored and esteemed, found a long term of imprisonment awaiting him.



Surprisingly Precocious

George Heinzen '35

SCIENTIST? Navigator? No. He, from little Bristol, was a unique figure in literature. That insignificant Bristol in merry England should have produced him in 1750 is hardly credible, yet the same town of inconsiderable importance produced men like John Cabot, illustrious explorer, who is known for venturing on the American mainland when it was dangerous to show oneself to the Indians. Why then should not Bristol be bold enough to strut its stuff in claiming to be the home town of that juvenile literary prodigy, Thomas Chatterton? Something to be proud of, surely, Bristol. Did not literary critics acknowledge your wonderful boy, Thomas, to be a "Precursor in the New Romantic Period?" An enviable credit this is, of course. More enviable still; the great poet Keats dedicated his undying "Endymion" to this "marvelous boy," and that romantic-minded Shelley thought fit to celebrate him in "Adonais."

Had this precocious literary lad, Thomas Chatterton, lived for many years, you, Bristol, might shine with greater splendor in the eyes of the world than does Stratford-on-Avon; but a brief seventeen years spanned his life. Yet even in that short period, he merited for himself a worthy position among his contemporaries, and a name that time finds hard to kill. Golden opportunity, of course, came his way—as it does in the lives of most people, only it

is not seen by them—but Chatterton saw it and that, too, in his early youth; hence the world admires him the more. As a descendant of a line of sextons at the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, a line that covered almost two hundred years, he drifted upon a treasure that lay hidden in that medieval specimen of architecture. A treasure! His forbears had seen it; but it meant nothing to them, and they died without fame. Almost a hundred per cent of the young men of his day, and more so of the present day, if they had been brought to view that treasure would have exclaimed, "A nuisance, be gone!" What will be gone in time as a nuisance is their names, for they could not see as Thomas Chatterton did. To make proper use of that treasure, a person had to see and understand; besides this, he had to love reading, for the treasure was a chest full of musty manuscripts. Hard condition this was for gaining fame, but young Chatterton did not shirk difficulties.

Incredible it seems; but results prove it to be a fact that over the musty manuscripts in this chest the mere boy in age, but ripe in love for letters, pored for months and months under the compelling force of an interest that would not flag until he solved the mystery which these completely forgotten papers concealed. He copied them, studied them until he could imitate, not only the spelling and language, but also

the handwriting of the originals. Stern application this was; so stern that even the hardest-headed experts were deceived. Skillful printers, together with literary men of extensive experience in the growth and change of language, could not think otherwise but that words, spelling, and material, all more than three hundred years old, must come from a mind hoary with age and learning. How surprised must they have been when the truth came to light and showed that the romances, stories, and poems, altogether medieval in form and content, published under the heading, "Rowley Papers," were the work of a child eleven years old, and that this child was Thomas Chatterton. When more mature people were searching about far and near for fame, this mere lad drew fame and glory from that obscure attic of St. Mary Redcliffe and from its chest containing still more obscure manuscripts.

A fair portion of what the "Rowley Papers" contain is of course imagination, but that Bristol's "marvelous boy" should have so much imagination in himself is largely the cause of all the wonder about him. Did he acquire the faculty of mental visualizing at Colton's "Blue Coat" Chanty School? Hardly. That school was for him an occasion to do anything and everything else but the tasks that were imposed. At the age of twelve, while still at this school, Chatterton produced the remarkable romance of "Tom Rowley," a piece of writing, which after

his death, caused the celebrated controversy about the "Rowley Poems." Certainly, his independent conduct at school might have injured the quality of his later literary productions, but he died too early to allow any guess in this matter; that later period never came for him. That it might have given him worry in coming years, namely, this independence of his, may be inferred from what happened to the American essayist, Emerson, whose willful way at school made him a defective writer in mature years. But Chatterton's short life kept his reputation free from blemish. What he has left to the world of letters in prose, in pseudo-antique, dramatic, lyric, and descriptive poems, is all of a piece in good quality.

Amusing, to be sure, is the perplexity of critics who wished to pry into the mystery of the "Rowley Papers." The great De Quincy had no better verdict to give than that the affair was a practical joke. Horace Walpole felt embittered when he could not avoid letting it be known that he had been deceived by these papers. Mason and Gray, whose shrewd eyes mere anonymity could not blind, detected the misuse of fifteenth-century English words and thus discovered the happy forgery. That critics should grow exceedingly wrothy about the fact that some one living in the eighteenth century should be able to write in a fifteenth-century manner is certainly unpardonable, but the genius that could accomplish as much, to

which the "Rowley Papers" bear witness, even if they were published anonymously, deserves pardon, and not only pardon, but the highest praise for talent and ingenuity.

The "Rowley Papers," though enough in themselves to guarantee literary fame to their author, do not comprise the sum total of young Chatterton's works. The eighteenth century, because of his original productions, gives him an honorable place in its poetic brotherhood, and rightly so, of course. One need but study the ballad of "Sir Charles Bawdin" to find how smoothly Chatterton's conception of poetry concurs with that of Wordsworth as given in this author's own words concerning verse-form of composition: "The breath and finer spirits of all knowledge—the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." That Chatterton could equal the meaning of this suggestion in his own poetry with respect to power of composition, glowing imagination, and depth of sensibility is evident from the words he ascribes to the tyrant, Edward II, who finding himself rebuked by his own martyr-victim, Bawdin, exclaims:

"Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
He's greater than a king!—" Better still do the following lines from his lyric, "The Resignation," illustrate the qualities here considered:
"If in this bosom ought but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless
sway,

Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away."

Fame, as a literary genius, Chatterton enjoyed even when living, and later years did not diminish that fame, but rather increased it and that, too, in the face of the charge of forgery relating to the "Rowley Papers." His poems, for a certainty, are in no wise akin to forgery. That he was neglected in London upon his arrival in that city to which his fame had preceded him is clearly shameful, even as it is shameful for Scotland to have neglected Burns. Fame alone is not enough to keep anybody alive as Chatterton found out. Hunger and want made their claims upon him in such severe measure that in an unfortunate fit of despondency he took his own life when not quite eighteen years old.

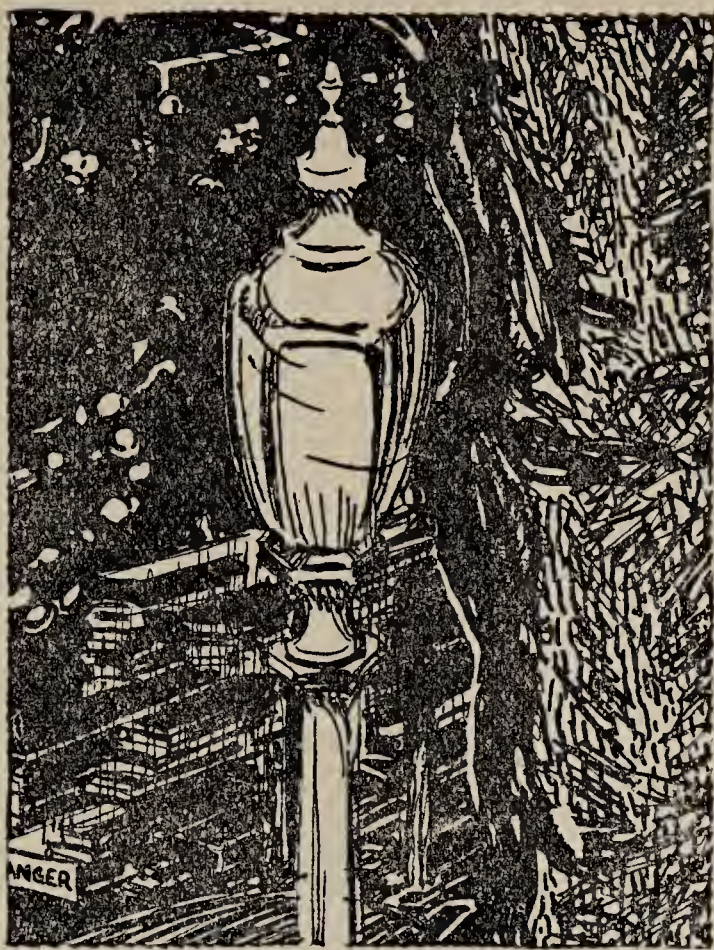
True, enough, precociousness adds weight to the fame that came to Chatterton, but in itself, this quality of his mind would not be sufficient to give him the reputation which he has achieved. Other writers were precocious, but if their early works would stand alone they would not equal those of Chatterton. Thus, it is known that Jonathan Edwards at the age of nine wrote about "The Substance of the Soul;" that Lord Macaulay, at the age of ten, had written a "Compendium of Universal History;" that William Cullen Bryant, at the age of eighteen, had written "Thanatopsis;" but by these works alone, none of these authors would have achieved the fame that

rightly belongs to Bristol's "marvel- brought out the interesting "Rowley
ous boy", who at the age of twelve Papers."

Winter Winds

H. B. Miller '34

Wearily moans the wind as it hovers across
Bleak snow-filled plains
While weaving its cold cheer into song
And laying its freezing hand upon my heart's desires
To waken sad remembrance
In my soul of hopes now dead.
No cheerful flapping of wings,
Nor notes of birds I hear
As every joy from off this earth has fled
Before the piercing blast
In which the Wind has emptied its quiver full
Of new-sharpened darts
To work wild misery
And kill all gentile patience with human sighs.
As a savage giant with hair cloud-driven
By the fury of his stride,
The chilling Norther will not stand at bay
Until the year that held for me a horn of plenty,
Filled with dazzling promises,
Has been scourged into the dead and dreary past
Leaving me with empty hands.
But now, while Life's whole bright circle narrows
Down to searching pain before my burning eyes,
I see, from the boundless deep of time,
Drawn on the wild Wind's trail
A train of days
That pour from their vials new draughts of life
For me and bid my dulled heart
To breathe the sweet and secret evangel,
Proclaimed with a voice defiant,
To arouse strong hopes in what is held in store
In that new horn of plenty, carried in the stout arms
Of that bright Angel
Known to the world as the happy New Year.



My Pal

Eddie Williams '34

IF IT'S O.K. BY YOU, I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT STOP,—MIDGE."

I lay the telegram on the table after readin' it about twelve times. Midge is comin' tonight sometime, and since it's almost nine bells, I'm expectin' him any minute. I sit down in the one and only easy chair in this scrawny apartment of mine and start readin' my latest article in the Tribune, while I'm waitin' for him.

Midge is my pal, see, from St. Louie, and the squarest little hunk of a man that ever packed a rod. I fished him out of the Mississippi River one night about four years ago when a couple o' dips in another gang tried to make fish food out o' him. They wrapped him up and took him out in a skiff and dumped him off. I had a motorboat then,

and was out coverin' the waterfront when one of my headlights spotted 'em in the act. I dove in and finally got hold of the kid and towed him to shore. We bunked in a hospital for a week after that, and since then Midge has stuck to me like I'm a big brother or somethin'. He ain't never forgot it. He's only about twenty-two; a little guy with a pug nose and a kid's voice; as acts like I'm the King of Italy and tough as a raw steak, but ready to hang his last shirt on a pal's back. Whenever he talks to me he he's my valet, or whatever it is those foreign guys have. He's a swell kid, Midge is.

Only tonight I ain't in such a lively humor to be meetin' him again. I've been feelin' funny for the last couple o' days. Marie is

down on me, see, and even if I know there ain't no jane livin' that can make me feel bad, still I kinda' wish we were out together somewhere tonight. Ya' know, janes are funny guys. They ain't got no sense o' humor. Me and Marie was at a party New Year's Eve, see, and she says that on the way home I wanted to lick every old greaser I saw 'cause I thought he was old Father Time swingin' his sickle at me. But I know that ain't right because I can remember everythin' almost. Anyhow she is sore, and I wish she wasn't.

This article I'm readin' here in the Tribune ain't so snitzy. If that re-write guy would only write what I tell him we'd get somewhere. But he don't. He puts in a lot of stuff about the city needin' to be swept clean o' rackets, and the coppers makin' a concerted drive, or whatever that is, and it all don't mean nothin'. I give him real dope on this Petrolle gang though, that he writes up pretty nice. Petrolle's just gettin' warmer and warmer these days and he's layin' low. The fuzzies are on his trail. He's been pretty nice to me though, sendin' me letters and telephone calls tellin' me all about the swell party he's gonna' throw for me soon if I don't

lay offa' him. Ya' know, I like that ——— the dirty rat.

The clock over the mantelpiece strikes nine real slow and sad-like. It quits; and then goes on tickin' like before. Somebody knocks. I go over to the door, throw it open, and look down on Midge O'Reilly.

"Hello Eddie," he says, flashin' that old boyish smile. "How are ya'?"

"Come on in," I yells at him. "Glad to see ya'."

Midge comes in takes off his hat and sits down. It's just like old times. Neither one of us is much on this emotion stuff.

"You been waitin' for me?" asks Midge.

"That's right," I tell him.

"Thanks," says Midge, just like I'd done him a favor. "Thought you'd be doin' too much to sit here waitin' for me." Then he looks around the joint.

"What d'ya' think of it?" I ask him. "Not like what we had in St. Louie, is it?"

"Naw," says Midge. "Not good enough for you, Eddie. You oughta' be havin' somepin' swanky. How you doin' these days?"

"Goin' straight, Midge."

"Thought maybe you were."

"Why?"

"It's like you. You never did



"Midge"

belong to the racket, Eddie. You were made for somethin' better."

"Why you little mess o' mouth, if you think I've turned soft you're crazy."

"Naw, I didn't mean that. You're square, Eddie, that's all. Always were square. Since you left, the old gang in St. Louie has hit the toboggan. They've turned out to be a bunch of dirty, yellow doublecrossers. That's why I lammed out and beat it here. I got fed up on it. And listen, Eddie, now that I'm here, if you'll let me, I'll go straight with you."

I look at him a minute and all of a sudden we shake hands. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes once. It's a quarter after nine.

That clock of mine has got a jittery sound, all right. Seems sorta' like a far-away bell on a foggy night.

Midge sits down again, and we light cigarettes. Then his eyebrows squinch up and he gets a look on his face that a softie would call "worried," only I know it ain't that. Finally he says like he's breakin' the ice, "You're reportin' for the Tribune now, ain't you, Eddie?"

"Yeh." I look surprised. "How did ya' know?"

"Met one of Petrolle's armor-bearers," says Midge, "right after I got off the train."

"And he told ya', huh?" I kinda smile at that.

"Yeh," says Midge, and then like he's changin' the subject, "Been in any trouble, Eddie?"

That's like Midge. I expected it sooner or later.

"No trouble," I tell him, "but I'm havin' a lot o' fun. Petrolle's gettin' scared, believe it or not. The bulls are on his trail hot."

"He's out to get you, though."

"Yeh, but I ain't shakin'."

"I know they don't scare ya', Eddie. But don't take any chances just the same. I don't want to be a pallbearer just yet."

"You won't be, Midge." I tell him that like I mean it, but all of a sudden somethin' gets me right around my windpipe. In a second I'm seein' St. Louie, and the Mississipp, and a bundle goin' down in the water. I look at Midge quick, but he's takin' a drag off his cigarette, like everythin's O. K.

The telephone bell rings. I jump up and run to answer it, feelin' sure it's Marie. But it ain't. It's a guy from the office. "Eddie Williams?" he asks me, and I tell him "yeah," "there's a D. T. spottin' Li Wung's Chinese Restaurant out on twenty-third street. Know where it is?"

"Yeh! Think I can find it." I answer him.

"Oke," he says. "Cover it. Must be some big shot's hideout. Get the dope, will ya'?"

"Right," I tell him without any feelin', and hang up, wishin' instead it was Marie that called.

"Work, Eddie?" asks Midge.

"Uh-huh."

Midge watches me get my hat and overcoat and don't say anythin' for a little while. Then all of a

sudden he pops up, "Eddie, you look like some dame has thrown you over," and after the shock I tell him the whole story. When I'm finished Midge thinks awhile. Then he says, "She's sore at ya', huh?"

Yeh," I tell him. "But I guess she's got a right to be. I ain't good enough for her. She's a swell kid, Midge, the only jane in the world worth workin' for, and I've seen a lot of 'em."

"She must be," says Midge, "or she couldn't make you feel like you do."

"What d'ya' mean?" I tell him. "I feel swell."

Midge don't pay any attention to that, so I know he don't believe it. As I'm gettin' ready to go out the door, he comes through with, "What's her address, Eddie?"

I look at him kinda' funny, like I don't catch on. "What do you care?" I blurt out, and then feel cheap. I oughta know Midge ain't that kind of a guy. "Seventy-ninth street," I tells him, and give him her address. Then I go out. Midge calls after me, "I'll be around at Li Wung's at eleven, and I might have a surprise for ya'. And don't kid yourself, Eddie. You're good enough for any of 'em."

Midge is a great guy.

I hail a taxi and scramble in. Somehow I'm feelin' queer when I pull up in front of Li Wung's joint. There's a heavy fog rollin' in from the lake, and everythin' is a little too still to suit me. I open the door of the restaurant and go in.

The place is dim, with those Chinese lanterns hangin' around. Everythin' is just as still inside as it is outside. I sit down at a table near the middle of the room and wait for a waiter. I'm beginning to think the place is deserted, when finally some Chink comes out of the back part and stands by my table. I make a good guess that he's Li Wung and wants to know what I want, but before I order anythin', I think maybe I ought to see how much dough I got, so I reach into my pants pocket and pull out some money. At the same time my reporter's badge falls on the floor. I notice Li Lung look at it, then back at me with a stare that would freeze an Eskimo, but his face don't change a bit. I pick up the badge and put it back in my pocket.

"Me thinkee," I start out, tryin' to talk Chinese lingo, "me thinkee me takee Chop Suey. Makee good Chop Suey?"

"Yes, sir," says Li Lung. "We have most excellent Chop Suey. I suppose you wish me to understand that you desire some, is it not so?"

"Uh-huh," I say, feelin' like a kid that's just been spanked.

As Li Wung goes back to where he came from, I happen to notice over in a dark corner, a young fellow, slouched down at a table smokin' a cigar. He's dressed too dark to be a "hood," so I figure he's the dick the guy from the office told me was here.

I light up a cigarette and smoke

it all the way down before Li Wung comes back. It's takin' him a long time, but I haven't got anythin' to do yet but just sit here. There ain't a sound in this Chink joint. Must not do a very good business here, 'cause nobody is comin' in. Now and then I see a cop walk by the front window, look in, and then go on. The dick has pulled out a newspaper now and a little pad and pencil. He holds the paper up, lays the pad behind it and starts writin', lookin' over at me as if he was takin' down my description. I look at my watch and see that it's a quarter to eleven. Then someone behind me is talkin' through his nose at me.

"May I inquire," he says, "the name of my honorable patron?"

"You mean me?" I ask him.

"Yes-s-," he hisses. These Chinese sure talk funny.

"What's it to ya?" I growl.

"I have received," he keeps on, "a telephone call for a gentleman whose name is Eddie Williams-s. Could that be your own name, honourable sir?"

"Yeh, that's me." I tell him.

"Then please come with me to the rear, and I will show you where the speaking instrument is placed in my humble abode." The way he talks don't make me like him a bit. I think a minute, then, "O. K.", I say, "lead on," 'cause I think maybe it's Midge callin' me.

I get up slow as the Chink starts walkin' away, and look over at the D. T. He's lookin' at me too, over

the top of his paper. Without sayin' a word and not knowing why I'm doin' it I pull out my reporter's badge and hold it up where he can see it. His head goes up and down, and his eyes go back to the paper. I start after Li Wung.

The Chink opens a door at the back of the restaurant and we go into a narrow hall. Li Wung closes the door behind him. The hall is almost dark. A couple of those dim Chink lanterns hang from the ceiling and on the chain of one a scrawny parrot starts squawkin'.

"This way, please," says Li Wung and we go through the hall to another door at the end. From that, there are steps goin' down. I follow Li Wung down the steps. It's almost pitch dark. Li Wung don't make any noise at all when he walks. The only sound comes from the parrot in the hall, squawkin' Chinese. I'm beginning to get a little creepy, and I'm wishin' these Chinamen would wake up in this country and live in decent houses.

Suddenly I reach the bottom of the steps and bump into a door. Li Wung is right beside me. In an oily voice he says to me, "In there is the telephone, kindly enter."

I turn the knob and start openin' the door slow. All of a sudden the knob flies out of my hand, the door flops open, and I feel a push sendin' me into the room. I'm all set to turn around and lay a certain Chinaman out when I notice things.

There is a table in the center of

the room with a lamp on it. Joe Petrolle and three "hoods" are sittin' around the table. And the light shines on four gats pointin' my way.

"Not bad, Wung," says Petrolle. "That's him all right. How are ya', Eddie?"

Li Wung goes out.

"Not feelin' bad," I tell him. "How's yourself?"

"Got a chair for you here, Eddie," says Petrolle. "Suppose you sit down."

"Thanks, Joe." And I sit down opposite him at the table. The three thugs don't say anythin', and I don't pay any attention to 'em. Petrolle's only got a half eyebrow on the right side of his greasy face, and the way the light shines on it don't make him look so good. But if he thinks he can scare me, he's crazy.

"Nice of you to drop in tonight." Petrolle's talkin' slowly, draggin' the time out. "We've been wantin' to see ya', ya' know. Came to take it like Mamma's little man, didn't ya'?"

"Take what?" I ask him.

Petrolle raises his pea-shooter and pats it. "You know what," he says.

"Yeh," I come back. "Guess I have got a pretty good idea. Seein' there's four rods pointin' at me I can't do much."

"Naw, don't guess you can." And Petrolle grins and stands up.

I look at my watch. It's five minutes to eleven. Midge said he'd

be at Li Wung's at eleven. But it don't make much difference. He'd never find me here as it is, and if he does it'll all be over, and he'll have to be a pallbearer anyway. It makes a guy a little jittery sitting here in this cellar room, with only a measly lamp lit for light, and just waitin' to get a slug between his ribs. But I've been goin' pretty straight. That helps. The only thing I don't like is that I've gotta' cash in while Marie is still sore at me. I hear Petrolle talkin' again.

"Want a cigarette first?" he says. "It might steady your nerves."

"I don't need any steadyin'," I tell him. "But I'll smoke one. No, thanks, I've got my own."

"Want a wash, too?" He pushes a bottle my way.

"No, thanks." I wave it away. "Don't like poison. 'Fraid you'll have to drill me."

"You dirty rat," growls Petrolle. "Stand up."

I stand up.

"Back over against the wall."

I back against the wall, still smokin', and the cigarette don't even quiver. I'm just feelin' a little down in the dumps, that's all. The only persons I can think of is Marie, and Midge, and I'm wonderin' how they'll take it when they find out.

The three thugs line up near the other side of the room, facin' me. There is silence. Then way up in the front part of the buildin', and soundin' far, far away I hear a whistle. Two longs and a short.

And I perk up. It's the old raid signal Midge and me used in the old days down in St. Louie. My watch says eleven o'clock on the dot. I put my fingers in my mouth and let the answer ring. It sounds plenty loud in this dinky room, and I'm hopin' Midge heard it.

"What are ya' doin', you rat?" yells Petrolle.

"Whistlin' my swan song," I come back. "Pretty, ain't it?" I see the three dips raise their rods. And I snarl at Petrolle, quiet-like. "Yellow, ain't ya', Joe?"

"What d'ya mean?"

"You won't plug me, yourself, will you? You want a couple o' pals to do it, so if it don't come off like you want it to, they'll take the rap, not you. Pretty scrawny." Then I yell at him, "Shoot me yourself."

Petrolle gets red in the face, chews his jaw a minute, then slowly raises his rod.

"Just a minute," I interrupt. "Maybe I'd better tell you before it goes off. There's a dick upstairs sittin' in this restaurant. He also knows I'm down here. He'll hear the shot, and you won't have a chance. Just thought I'd better tell you."

"Still think you're pretty smart, don't you?" says Petrolle. "But I don't believe that, see. And, anyway, you oughta' know me better than to think I'm gonna let a dick get me."

There is a noise outside on the steps.

"O. K., then," I smile at him. "Drill away."

The door flies open with a crash, and Midge stands in the doorway with a gat in his hand. Behind him are two fuzzies and the D. T., and beside him—my hair almost stands on end when I see her—is Marie. Petrolle knocks the lamp off the table and shoots toward the door. "Marie," I yell, and grope my way toward her. There is a flash from Midge's hand. Then I've got Marie in my arms and I know she ain't hurt. Somebody falls. There is a silence gettin' longer and longer. A flashlight goes on, and catches the three "hoods" standin' by a panel in the wall that is slowly openin'. Petrolle is stretched out on the floor. A quiet boyish voice, comin' from a little boyish man, says slowly, "Drop the artillery." The two fuzzies are standin' just outside the door with gats ready to plug away. One by one, three revolvers bang on the floor, and the "hoods" throw up their hands and go out with the cops.

Midge is still standin', lookin' at the place where the gunmen were before. He's almost got his back to me and Marie. I notice an electric button in the wall by me and push it. A light goes on. In kind of a half whisper, I say to him, "Thanks, Midge," and between him and me I know that tells him everythin'.

He turns around a little unsteady. "'Sallright, Eddie," he says, and I feel Marie take a quick breath.

There is a red blotch on his vest gettin' bigger and bigger. "Midge," I yell, and catch him before he falls.

"Sorry, Eddie," he says, laughin' like he's ashamed of himself, "Can't stand up any more."

Marie is puttin' some chairs together, 'cause that's the closest we can come to a bed. I pick Midge up and lay him on the chairs. me and Marie kneel down beside him. I've got a queer feelin'. "Midge," I say to him, "Come on, pal, don't go out on me." And I shake him a little. His face looks plenty white but he's still smilin' like he always does. I tell Marie to stay here while I go out and get a doctor, and start to get up. But Midge lays his hand on my arm. "'Sno use, Eddie. Stay here," he says.

Marie's tryin' hard to keep from cryin', and she kinda sobs to Midge, "You got shot standin' right in front of me. You pushed yourself

in front of me when the light went out." Midge pats her hand and tells her it's all right, then he says to me, "Eddie, she ain't sore at ya'. I brought her here tonight to fix things up. The D. T. told me about —" he takes a deep breath—"about the Chink; I heard your whistle, and came down to get ya'."

My eyes are gettin' dim.

"You got me, all right, and I wish you hadn't," I tell him.

Midge shakes his head, and sorta whispers, "Remember the time you pulled me out o' the Mississipp'? We're even, now, ain't we?"

"You're on top, Midge" I say.

He shakes his head again and closes his eyes. I put my arm around Marie and draw her to me tryin' hard to keep from playin' the baby.

"So long, Eddie," Midge manages to get through his teeth. "We're even now, pal."

New Year Bells

J. W. Hamme '34

Oh come and watch this joyful night with me,
And listen to the bells of New Year ring!
For old-man Father Time will have to flee
As happy New Year comes to be our King.

Across the coldly brilliant, starry night,
The clanging bells ring out the stern decree,
That snowy plains dismiss the grieving sight
Of man who from his woes is not yet free.

Oh ring, melodious bells on New Year's morn,
And tell the news that every one must heed!
That, namely, no man dare to hold in scorn
The blessed hope which is the New Year's creed.



Laughingstock By Turns

Carl Vandagriff '34

OF this type of golf dub was old Oscar Hamdon, he shared sympathy in the words of others, but not without finding a slam thrown in occasionally for good measure. From force of habit, the social circle at the North Beach Hotel regarded him as an institution, separate from, but just as necessary to the place as the hotel management itself. By profession, he was a physician; by practice, a golf dub. In both capacities he was a bore to those who had a headache, or had the club-disease. That North Beach was an exclusive affair did not give him any worry. If rates were exorbitant, he charged for professional services even as he was charged board. In general he was tolerated.

What people thought of him as a physician at North Beach never caused old Oscar to tilt an eyebrow; what they thought of him on the neighboring golf course often got him red under the gills. He could

have saved himself much embarrassment had he not been more adept at diagnosing people's thoughts when out on the green, than he was at diagnosing their diseases when at their bedsides. Anyway he practiced medicine. Those who called upon him for medical aid would not gibe him; that he knew, and he knew also that those, whom he encountered in his favorite sport, said behind his back that he was an old fool who was "digging his grave with his teeth," while he was making a bluff at reducing his useless blubber by limply swinging golf sticks. Fat he was and sickly looking; a poor advertisement for an M. D., but what did he care? At North Beach and at its golf club his name was on the register for life.

Sworn enemies he had in spite of his innocent personality. Mere innocence, of course, would not excuse him for always being in the way of the younger set, and three

young beaux determined among themselves to clear the "old doctor", as they called him, off the green. To this end the three betook themselves to the course at all suitable times for games and made sure to dawdle away time at the tee for the purpose of keeping the "old doctor" from getting a start. But the fox soon began to outwit his enemies. One day, before they were out of bed, he rushed to the field, sent his ball careening from the tee, and had the game well under way before his trouble-makers were on the scene to block him. What hurry would allow was done by the young beaux to get on the heels of their prey. They overtook him and then watched for a chance to annoy him. The chance came. Just as the "old doctor" was stooping low, looking for a ball, one of the three sent a stinger right into the scenery at the rear of his pants. The smarting impact caused the "old doctor" to lose his head.

"Fore," yelled a voice close behind him choking with laughter. "Gorsh, that was a stinger!"

"I'll give you four," retorted the old fellow, his face red hot with rage. For a moment he stood ag-

hast; his squinty eyes behind their heavy glasses roved from one mirthful face of the three to another in an attempt to locate the rascal. "Which one of you did that," he rasped out while rubbing his smarting anatomy, "I'll bet it's you, Hal Reese."

"Go on, Pop, go on," the three shouted with loud guffaws.

At this the "old doctor" came running towards them with his club raised as if he would use their heads for golf balls, but he stopped short before he came within reach. He was good at guaging temperatures, and seeing three separate temperatures rise on as many pairs of perfectly healthy and young feet, he decided to lay off. Turning abruptly, he walked towards the hotel.

"Don't go away, Pop, don't go away mad, Pop, Tubby," the young men called after him.

"Pop, Tubby, Tubby," the 'old doctor' exploded sarcastically at a safe distance. "You are three plain scamps. I'll get even with you, yes, particularly with you, Hal Reese, for hitting me like that."

On his way back to the hotel, the "old doctor" meditated revenge. If such treatment should be given him he resolved to cancel his en-



"The Old Doctor"

gagement as hotel physician in spite of having bargained to hold the job for life. For stupid lasses with their still more stupid boy friends, he would not be a mark for sport and ridicule. No, he would return to New York where he still owned a beautiful and peaceful home. Yes, to his former home he would return; but when he reached his room, he fell to reading the newspaper and calmed down, not, however, without soliloquizing occasionally on what he would do to get even with those three scamps, above all with Hal Reese.

Now that the field was cleared of their pet peeve, the young men decided to start the game in earnest. Hal Reese had just sent a ball spinning when he was surprised to see a creation in sky-blue that was just emerging from among the hazards of the big golf course. Immediately his attention became divided. Should he run after the ball? He would, but first he must find out who this young Miss might be; the others should have no chance to steal a march on him, he thought. He came to her side just as she was about to plant a tee.

"Allow me—," he spoke blandly smiling to excuse his obtrusiveness

while he took the tee from her hand and mounted it carefully.

"Thank you," she returned in a voice slightly husky from surprise, "I see there are still gentlemen in this world."

"Just a gentleman, a gentleman," Hal emphasized.

His two companions stood by mute. They felt that now a greater obstacle had come into their way on the green than the "old doctor"

could ever be. As far as they were concerned, they knew that the game was off. Hal Reese their leader in fun and mischief alike, now had found other interests. If he did not outrightly tell them to leave the grounds as they had forced the "old doctor" to do, it was merely because he believed they should have sense enough to do so of their own accord.

Without much ado, they gradually shifted out of sight.

"Newcomer?" was the next question Hal put to the young lady.

"Since last night, from New York," she answered.

"Mind if I go around with you?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course not but might I not know who you are before we start?" she urged rather pleasantly.



"Miss Lucy"

"My name is Halbert Reese; everybody just calls me Hal. And yours?"

"Lucy Hamdon. Now we are all set, I suppose."

In his anxiety to please and make a hit with his newly discovered partner, Hal Reese overlooked that the name Hamdon might imply relationship with the "old doctor." He was all service now. To show Lucy how to play in the best possible manner and to bring her through the game with an excellent score was his supreme interest for the present. Round upon round they played; during all the while, Hal's chivalrous words and service were continuously on the increase. At length they walked back to the hotel together. They were seen approaching—by whom? The "old doctor" was just gazing out of his window towards the golf course.

"Hum, here comes that scamp, Hal Reese, in company with my daughter," the 'old doctor' mused. "Wonder if he knows who she is? Here my chance has come to put something over on him. Let me see, I shall have to do some tall thinking. I'm sure he doesn't know she's visiting me."

Right under his window, Hal and Lucy parted, promising to meet on the golf course on the next morning at nine o'clock. The "old doctor" overheard their words.

"I have it! he exclaimed in glee to himself. "I shall play both ends against the middle; watch me."

On the evening of that day, he hurried to find Hal's two compan-

ions; the same two who had joined in ridiculing him some days ago on the golf course. The "old doctor" was all smiles when he found the young men. Of course they were surprised at seeing him.

"Say, you young Beau Brummels, kindly listen to what I am privileged to tell you," he began. "There is a young lady visiting here whose name is Lucy—he purposely avoided giving her full name—she is a good golfer and will be glad to have a game with you both. Be on the course at nine oclock tomorrow morning. Pardon me for bothering you; but I wish to do her a favor."

"No pardon needed, Doc, we'll be on the spot. Thanks!" the two chorused.

They were on the spot that following morning; so was Lucy, and, of course, Hal Reese. Everybody there was in a predicament. Hal speedily took things in hand; he and Lucy would play. He ordered his competitors very bruskiy to beat it. They did scam, but not without a feeling of anger and disappointment. Later on they were met by the "old doctor."

"Hello, gentleman!" he saluted. "Are you not playing golf with Lucy?" he proceeded to inquire.

"We were out on the course in good time," one of the two answered, "but that big bohunk, Hal Reese, took Lucy for himself."

"Told you both to scam, did he?" queried the "old doctor?"

"Well, he'll always have his way," came the answer.

"No he won't," emphasized the

'old doctor'. "Come with me tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock and you'll see me tell him to scram."

"You, you, bah! We'll be with you," they agreed.

On that day and on the day following, Hal Reese had all the games with Lucy. He was in high spirits. When he had found a new girl, nothing in the world bothered him. Lucy, moreover, had completely taken his fancy. He became increasingly courteous, more and more frank in his talk, and even began to make love to her. The "old doctor" was ever on the lookout. Things were going just as he wanted them to go.

At three o'clock on the following afternoon, the "old doctor" with Hal's two former friends, walked out to the golf course. They were somewhat taken a-back at not finding Lucy and Hal busy with their clubs. They found them instead sitting in the shade of a tree gayly carrying on a conversation. So interested they were in their talk that neither of the two noticed anybody approaching. Coming within earshot, the three heard Lucy say:

"Hal, you are a good kid, and I like you, but—"

"Pardon me," the 'old doctor' began in a mild voice. "Lucy I have important news for you. In fact I should have informed you earlier of this matter, for notice came to me concerning it yesterday afternoon, but I found it convenient to wait until now. The news, in brief, is that Frank, your fiancée

is coming this evening. You are aware that he knows that you are visiting with me at this hotel. And since you and he are to be married soon, it is mighty fine of you both to give me a call before you go housekeeping."

"Get out with that nonsense, Tubby, Pop," shouted Hal springing to his feet. Then quickly turning to his partner, he continued, "Say, Lucy, this blubbering bozo does not even know who you are. He mistakes you for a friend of his, ha, ha!"

"Halbert Reese, don't dare to talk like that about my father," Lucy objected.

"Your father? Don't try to put something like that over on me. Quit your kidding," returned Hal. "Say, listen," he continued, "I want to tell you about a fine trick I played on him just some time ago. Oh, it was a dandy!"

"A trick! I'll not listen to you, you are rude, Halbert Reese, to play a trick on my father," replied Lucy rather hotly. She was now standing rather defiantly before him; but suddenly turned to leave.

"Pardon me, pardon me, Lucy," urged Hal running after her. In spite of his begging, she would have nothing more to do with him. His humiliation was especially keen when he saw the "old doctor" and his former two companions giving him the laugh.

"Hurry, you two," said the 'old doctor' turning to the young men

who had come with him, "accompany Lucy to the hotel. As for you, Hal Reese, you can flirt with that tree. I was much amused to see your companions laugh at you. Now, good-bye—Tubby, Poppy, Daddy, gorsh, that was a stinger—don't go away mad, Pop—" words he flung over his shoulder at Hal in derision.

Hal Reese, badly foiled; his two

friends at odds with him, sat down under the tree alone. He, in turn now made plans to leave the North Beach Hotel, and that as soon as he could get his luggage packed. Instead of the "old doctor," whom he had ridiculed, he felt that he himself had come to be the laughing-stock of the place.



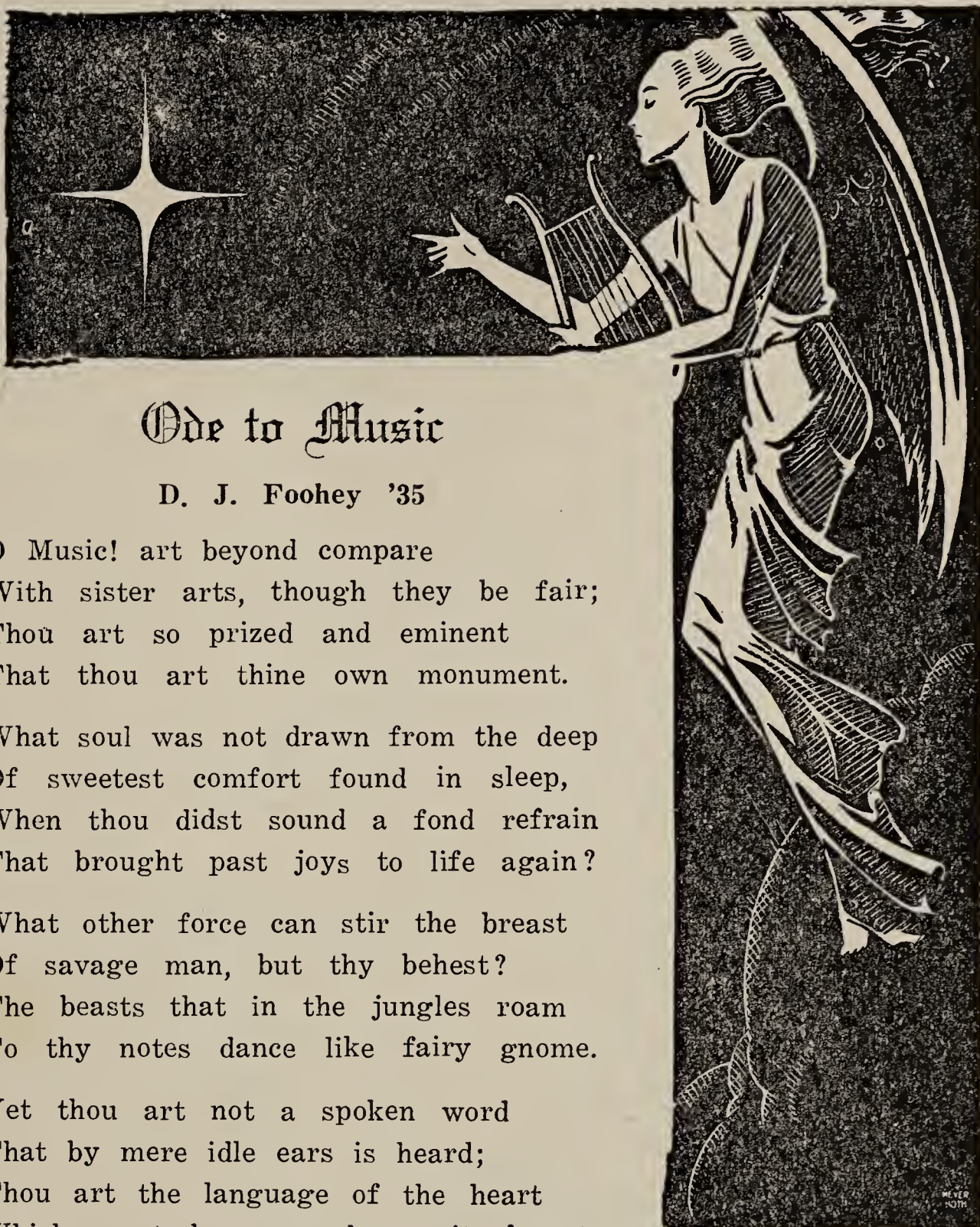
Reverie

B. Schmitt '34

Now crowned with deeds of lustrous fame,
 'Tis sad to see the old year go:
Of life's gay spark, the dimming flame,
 'Tis sad to see the passing glow.

Those joyous days and friends must pass
 Away; and youth and dreams will fade,
While sorrow frowns on us. Alas!
 'Tis then that from our minds, the shades

Of earthly glories also flee.
 But hope still waits for every man
In Time's new march. Then may he see
 God's ruling in his daily plan.



Ode to Music

D. J. Foohey '35

O Music! art beyond compare
With sister arts, though they be fair;
Thou art so prized and eminent
That thou art thine own monument.

What soul was not drawn from the deep
Of sweetest comfort found in sleep,
When thou didst sound a fond refrain
That brought past joys to life again?

What other force can stir the breast
Of savage man, but thy behest?
The beasts that in the jungles roam
To thy notes dance like fairy gnome.

Yet thou art not a spoken word
That by mere idle ears is heard;
Thou art the language of the heart
Which must be grasped ere it depart.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

January, 1934

Volume XXII.

Number Four



Charter Member



THE STAFF

Alfred F. Horrigan '34, Editor.

J. William McKune '34, Ass't. Editor

William Conces '34, Associate

Joseph Fontana '34, Associate

Delbert L. Welch '34

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Aloysius Geimer '34

Vernon Rosenthal '34

William H. Pank '34

Vincent Nels '34

Edward Hession '35

John Samis '35

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Editorial

STUDENT COUNCILS

WHENEVER a group of men choose to dwell together, the problem of government is the first and, no doubt, the most urgent of the many problems that present themselves for solution. In schools and colleges this question of government has quite naturally resolved itself into a system of standard regulations which each individual student is expected to follow unconditionally. For the development of character in very certain respects this principle of explicit obedience is most valuable. There is, however, a definite and fundamental weakness in this system which time has brought to light.

First and above all, there is the undeniable fact that a college education is not an end in itself. Education must primarily fit a student for the affairs of life. These involve essentially a series of choices. Hence the student must be taught in college to choose for himself and that, too, carefully and wisely. He must learn to pay for his mistakes in other coin than alibis and excuses.

For the purpose of giving college students an opportunity of making their own choices in certain legitimate respects with the help of intelligent and sympathetic super-

vision, the plan of a student council was first introduced into American colleges. The plan has, generally speaking, met with indifferent success, but this fact should not kill the attempt. Are there not inherent possibilities in the plan that deserve further consideration?

Second—and the point is worth considering — college students become restive under the weight of regulations imposed impersonally. They do not, however, desire a “laissez faire” method of enforcing discipline. They realize that the sway of authority is fundamentally necessary for successful living. But they do think that a carefully chosen group of students, acting as a contact party between the student body as such and the faculty, could accomplish an unlimited amount of good. It would, it is believed, eliminate much of the unthinking and even antagonistic attitude on the part of many students towards rules and regulations by forcing upon them intelligent and broadminded consideration of school problems. That it could work drastic reform in off-campus conduct, the control of which is exceedingly difficult for faculty authorities, is clearly evident.

The directness in effect exerted by a student council will aid materially in fostering a sense of honor and responsibility among the students generally. The most powerful weapon for control is within reach of a council of this kind, namely, student opinion. It would teach the students how to estimate the faculty viewpoint in the matter of education and discipline; it would produce level-headed, straight-thinking men who will begin to realize that the main idea in college is not merely "to get by." It would create furthermore, in students a vital and

personal interest in school morale. Then, too, it would not fail to develop an appreciation of the difficulties that must be faced by duly constituted authority in the administrative duties connected with college life. Certainly, it would result in making students think for themselves as they must do from the moment onward when they leave college.

In view of the practical considerations here advanced, it is but natural that all students should be enthusiastic in supporting the idea of establishing student councils.

Tolstoy

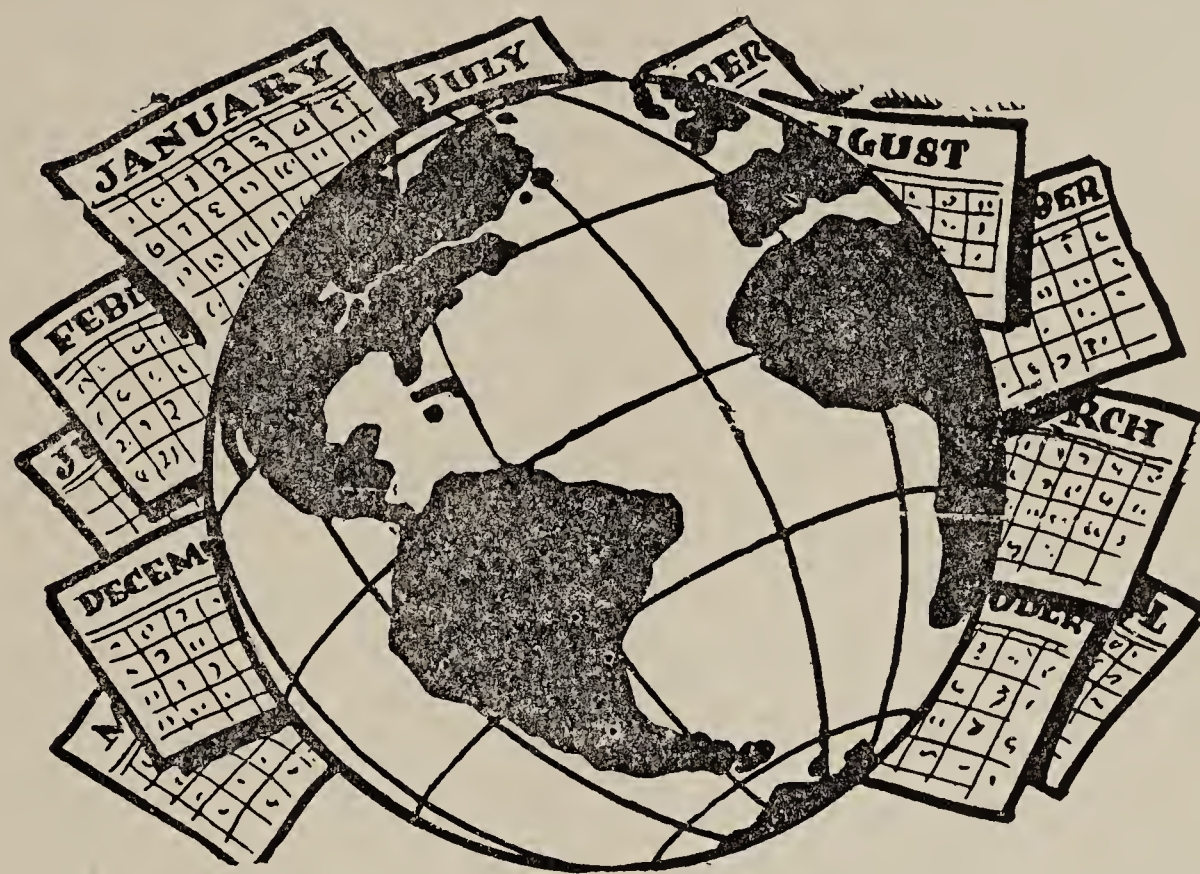
M. J. Stohr '34

A conscience candid as his silvern hair;
A brow on which thought trembled full of life,
Such were his gifts. 'Twas these he gave with love
In brimming measure for the joy of man.
To curb the restless fire that fevered him
He took upon himself the yoke of toil
And dared to set his foot triumphantly
'Gainst life's fast-aging days to check decay.

Then as a mighty river smoothly runs,
Without or fleck or flaw, quite deep and clear:
Until its stream curves o'er the waterfall;
His life advanced well into wisdom's years,
When as a swan that rests a while mid-flood
He staid; but soon spread wings for solitude.



Alumni



WITH pleasure we note the opinion of the Rev. T. Francis Kramer, C. PP. S., concerning the COLLEGIAN. He tells us that he finds the COLLEGIAN interesting and that he regards it as a publication worthy of the school which it represents. Real words of encouragement these, from one who in his student days held the position of editor of the COLLEGIAN away back in 1900-1901. We regard a word from him as a word worth while. At present Father Kramer is pastor of Holy Ghost Church, Vinita, Oklahoma.

With sincere thanks the Collegian staff receives the encouraging comment of the Rev. Vitus Schuette, C. PP. S., who in his student years was the editor of the COLLEGIAN

in the palmy days of 1899-1900. Father Schuette is particularly well pleased with the Christmas-story issue and speaks his mind openly concerning its worth. His words give encouragement to hold to the mark and to do ever better work. Our cordial thanks go to you, Father Schuette, for the donation to assist in meeting the expenses of the COLLEGIAN.

Stephen Toth, '33 of Toledo, O., now at Northwestern University, is becoming prominent as a football player. While at St. Joseph's, "Steve" made a name for himself on the grid as the "one man team," a title which no man after his time has been able to match. In view of his real football ability, brilliantly displayed at St. Joseph's, we are not

surprised that during this year he has proved to be the outstanding member of the N. U. freshman squad. We feel certain that if "Steve" shows the same enthusiasm, the same willingness, the same fighting spirit as he did here, it will take a mighty good group of football players to hinder him from making a name for himself on the varsity when the football season comes along next fall. Good luck, "Steve!"

It doesn't seem so long at all since they bid adieu, these famous singers, Fred Cardinali and James Conroy, both of '32. It is known that they have kept themselves in the limelight at St. Gregory's Seminary, but there is a funny part about this last limelight affair of theirs. Though studying philosophy, something which they both do most successfully, they have set their minds on other things. "Jimmy" Conroy has become a laundryman, while "Nally" Cardinali—and it's something we'll never forgive him—has become dormitory prefect. As vocalists and expressionists, they are known to be unsurpassed and really should hold better positions. But we shall wait and see what will become of them. They are known to possess qualifications

that are beyond the reach of the best purple adjectives.

Someone mentioned squirrels, and we thought of Walter Steiger '33 (the big mason man) and his famous pets, which he took along with him to Carthagenia. Remember "Walt" it was once remarked that you didn't choose the squirrels, but that they chose you. Take good care of your "babies," and do not fail to provide for them, or we will have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hot on your trail.

It is rumored that John Lefko '33, who hails from the Empire State, still insists that New York City is the capital of the United States. The Iroquois River is softly murmuring; "Men may come and men may go, but our John goes on forever."

The southern breezes are softly bringing us a charming melody. It must be charming, for we are listening to "Tommy" Thomas Harris '32 who hails from Paducah, Kentucky, and his ten piece orchestra. We hope that it will not be long when we shall be able to turn the dials and listen to Tommy Harris and His Orchestra.

V. J. V.



Clubs



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

LIKE all great organizations, the C. L. S. finds it necessary to rest on its laurels occasionally. With its premiere presentation a thing of history, a breathing spell seems to have been very much in order. This hardly means that the Columbians have been idle. They have been holding their regular meetings each fortnight as has always been their custom; every one a "stepping stone," as some great man put it, "to success."

In the last meeting of the year 1933, a pleasing, little two-act comedy was offered in a private program for the enjoyment, to say nothing of the edification, of the members. "The Law Suit" is the imposing title of the production. That elusive something, sometimes called "Christmas Spirit," was very

much in evidence in the gathering on that Sunday before the most beloved festival of the year.

With reference to Christmas spirit, it might be in place to mention that the C. L. S. gave a very striking example of it in their last 1933 meeting. Since giving seemed to be the order of the day, the 'one and only' Edward Fischer moved that besides presenting the moderator and stage managers with presents, the C. L. S. should use a little of its charity at home. Accordingly he and the president on the following day distributed gifts of a kind pleasing to everyone of the members.

1934! It should be a bright year for the Columbian Literary Society. We all hope that it will turn out to be so.

NEWMAN CLUB

On December 23, the Newman Club presented its first public program of the present school year. Was it a surprising performance? It could not well be anything less when the three-act comedy, "The Silent Shape," was brought out upon the stage. There were so many sinister appearances of the "Shape" that many hearts in the audience felt weaker after witnessing the exhibition than they did before.

Of course the plot revolves about the usual spook story. An unscrup-

ulous fellow, a doctor, has designs on his murdered uncle's wealth. He tries to intimidate the country side. Above all he intimidates two ladies, Colleen Medford and Rosemary Wells. An exposure of the fraud comes along in due time. The doctor is foiled; and the Silent Shape is exploded.

The characters in the play have occasion to enact exciting scenes. Some of them are very agreeable; others are unpleasant, and prominent among these is Harry Galt.

There is sufficient humor to make the play appealing. A colored cook, Dinah Damon, furnishes many a hearty laugh.

To those who impersonated the characters of the play, namely, Mes-

srs. A. Gamble, W. Stack, T. Doody, W. Penny, R. Anderson, D. Muldoon, T. Bubala, and—the Unknown Man, the "Collegian" extends congratulations upon the particularly successful manner in which they enacted the roles assigned to them.

RALEIGH CLUB

It was Sunday evening, December 17. Crowded though it usually is, on that evening the Club hardly left space enough for 'Mickey Mouse' to make its way across the floor. The lights were suddenly dimmed, leaving a softly murmuring audience bathed in the subdued glow of an amber chandelier. On the mantelpiece, a rose-colored Merry Christmas banner beamed its happy welcome. With a cymbal crash the R. S. C. orchestra burst into melody amid gently rolling rings of smoke.

As the lights flared up brighter and brighter, one feature of the program followed upon another. The orchestra took the lead in playing "By a Waterfall." Following this production came "The Four Tones," a quartet arrangement of "The Little Town of Bethlehem." The quartet was sung by William Pank, Julian Pank, Joseph O'Leary, and Dominic Pallone. Edward Fisher, as is usual with him, convulsed the audience with a little parody

on "Trees" called "Fleas." The jolly banjo-boy, 'Red' Rosenthal accompanied Edward Fisher.

The leader of the orchestra, William McKune, taking the place of master of ceremonies, now presented the President, Val Volin to the assembled members. The President in turn introduced the amiable guest of the evening, Father Albin Scheidler, who distributed the prize cups to the winners of the various tournaments. Our little "Italian" songster, Jim O'Grady, gave everybody a thrill by singing "Sweetheart Darlin'." With a 'uke' and ready for a Christmas parody, "Rusty" and "Vandy" swung into action with "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." Of course they were encored. A "Hopeless Dream," composed by Carl Vandagriff, proved a delightful success.

The Club thanks Father Schon for the happy times he prepares for its members. "Always something doing" is Father Schon's motto.

D. M. UNIT

For reasons not well known, Santa Claus was not able to attend the D. M. U. meeting on the evening of December 9. The lively gathering

of funds for mission purposes, however, showed that his spirit was truly present.

Business affairs being settled,

Edward Fischer introduced another of those versatile and instructive Catholic Action programs. James C. Thornbury delivered a good educational talk on "The Work of the Laymen in Catholic Action." The next speaker, Herbert Bensman, outlined very appropriately the "Need of Catholic Action in Everyday Life." Vernon Rosenthal and Carl

Vandagriff enlivened the meeting with musical selections.

The audience was seasonably impressed by "The Little Town of Bethlehem" as rendered by Dominic Altieri. When the stirring strains of Joseph Gedden's organ accompaniment had faded away over the balcony, the meeting closed with a shout of "Merry, Merry Christmas."

MONOGRAM CLUB

In the previous issue of the Collegian an allusion was made to a certain northwest corner of Alumni Hall where a room was in the process of metamorphosis—from the Greek if you please. If only the process had not been completed, the letterless boys about the place would not now be pestered by remarks something like, "Boy, is that radio keen! Tone! Say—" or "Those lamps are perfect. At night it's just like home over there." But the unfortunate ones can forgive—hardly forget. To say the least, the "J" club is a very homey place with its new vermillion card tables, its well-filled magazine rack, and—the radio and lamps.

Acting in his capacity as president of the new club, Charles Scheid-

ler has issued an honorary membership to the letter men of last year. Joseph Fontana, another officer of repute, is the combined caretaker of funds and books of the organization.

To say that the Monogram Club lives up to its constitution as being an exclusive club is no longer in doubt since a certain memorable Sunday evening in mid-December. Some have been heard to say that the new board with its engraved "J" is very persuasive. Of course, it is only a rumor, but several of the younger classmen seem to know a great deal about it. "Justice always overtaketh the evildoer" says Aesop—or words to that effect, are his.



In Memory

C. P. Petit '34

With him my happy days are past;
About me I behold,
Where'er my pensive thoughts be cast
His mirthful face of old.
He was an ever faithful friend;
Whose loss no one for me can mend.

The kindness which he showed to me
In toil, in pain, in care,
Has now met with its just decree,
Since last God heard his prayer.
This kindness has in darkness died;
I could not keep him by my side.

And when to see him in his zeal,
I try; my sorrows grow,
For then I wonder, and I feel
How much to him I owe.
But thinking of his youth and years
Has dimmed my eyes with burning tears.

If only I were with my friend
And found my place to be
With him mid Angels to attend
On joys eternally.
Yet I would leave a memory true
With friends when I must bid adieu.



BONFIRE

By Dorothy Canfield

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit," says Milton. This quotation can aptly be applied to Dorothy Canfield's latest work, "Bonfire."

Miss Canfield is one of America's greatest modern writers. She received a complete education, studying both in Europe and in America, yet her foundation is strictly American. After her marriage to John R. Fisher in 1907 she settled on one of the Canfield estates in Arlington, Vermont. Here she has lived practically all the time except for a few extended tours in Europe, particularly in France during the World War when she did much relief work. Quite naturally it is in Vermont that she has laid almost all the settings of her stories. It is likewise the setting of "Bonfire."

"Bonfire" is a realistic novel of love and marriage placed against the background of a country village. The story centers around the red-headed nurse, Anna Craft, and her brother, Anson Craft, a doctor. Yet every citizen of the town plays a part in this drama of life. The fat and elderly Bessie Kemp and her

deaf sister, Gussie; Mr. Stewart, a rather wealthy man, and even his cat, Henrietta; the enigmatic and attractive Lixlee from Searles Shelf who becomes Anson's first wife; the life long friend of Anna's, Cora Ingraham; the influential Mr. Dewey; the country parson, Fred Kirby; and the roguish Henry Twombly are all characters making the story. Miss Canfield describes these characters with such zest, power, and directness that they seem to be real living beings; in fact, our neighbors.

The jealousy of Anson for his attractive wife almost drives him mad at times. Although he has a special life's work before him by which he may some day win fame, he, nevertheless, turns to drinking because his seemingly unfaithful wife, Lixlee, leaves with another man. But Anson is soon brought to his senses by his sister and Isabel Foote, the latter a life long friend who later becomes his second wife. With Isabel as his helper Anson continues to collect his data and perform his experiments.

It is really astonishing how An-

na who seems to be so altruistic, and so charitable and willing to help those in need in these villages, cannot believe in a God. Her views, however, are somewhat changed after she marries the Rev. Mr. Kirby.

Having finished the story the reader sees in the midst of the free and peaceful lives of the people of the town, the portentous match that enkindles the kindlings of the bonfire. Its flames burst forth and gradually spread out. It ravenously burns some, scorches and sears oth-

ers, and just touches others. The bonfire changes all the surroundings and environments, and all, even the reader, is changed by its contact with power.

In "Bonfire" Mrs. Canfield seems to have even excelled her work in her preceding novel. "The Deepening Stream." The intensity of her characters has increased. Her delineations of passions has become more powerful. Altogether, I think this is Dorothy Canfield's best work.

J. L. A.

"ANDREW JACKSON, THE BORDER CAPTAIN" (1767-1821)

By Marquis James

The announcement of a new biography generally implies a finer and more correct portrait. "Andrew Jackson, the Border Captain," by Marquis James does not present Jackson as the figment of raving politicians.

In view of the fact that Jackson has been misrepresented universally and consistently the picture of his real character is now striking. The leader of the crude frontier was not himself crude. On the contrary Jackson having risen from an erudite home in the Waxhaws of South Carolina continued to be a scholar among the literary embryos of the West. Jackson studied men.

One word epitomizes the character and clarifies the unique achievements of Andrew Jackson. Will!; the "will to win." His insurmountable will crushed all obstacles and governed every emotion. The code

of honor settled disputes. And Old Hickory did not lose. At times armies quailed under his iron will, but this was not imprudence. Although stern and tough, the tall Scottish, blue-eyed giant possessed a trait of kindness to which his deep love of Rachel, his wife, attests.

James portrays Jackson differently and in being different he has written a biography which justifies the American people in worshiping Jackson as a hero—perhaps their most loved hero. The author, who is not an artisan but an artist, is a master of the biographical narrative, which blends the man and the setting skillfully in a gigantic portrait; the apex of biographical perfection.

Viewing this work from a standpoint of "art form" it is a triumph. Its grammatical and rhetorical con-

struction cannot be gainsaid. Sentences flow rapidly and evenly. Each word is necessary; is in proper position; is well said. In "Andrew

Jackson" the style is Jacksonian, vigorous, dramatic, powerful; in a word a virile style.

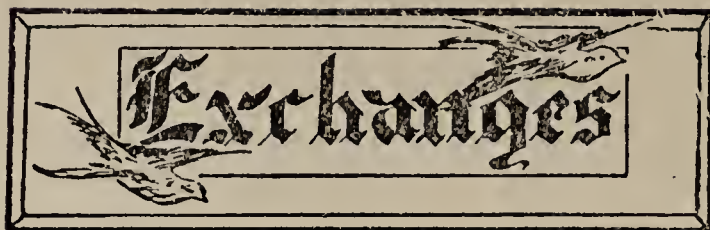
E. Mc.

New Year's Symphony

J. P. Sheehan '34

The day declined, and winds began to blow
Sad breath on bows of trees, the harps of Earth's
Grand symphony. A tear began to show
On cheek of sighing sprite devoid of mirth.
Then soon upon the fading landscape rained
So many that like liquid diamonds they
Came down, as feeling broke forth unrestrained,
Because a Babe for sin the debt must pay.

Time's pinions drooping seemed to float 'twixt night
And day. The voice of merry bells grew loud
And put the melancholy tunes to flight,
While drops of joy distilled from every cloud
In thanks that Blood of Christ on Earth has flowed
By which, on fallen man, Grace was bestowed.



QUITE as the chimes in an old tower whisper joyful echoes to the passing breezes, so THE CHIMES from the Cathedral College at New York City sends out interesting messages to its readers. Fully realizing the modern preference for novelty in literary circles, "The Chimes" seeks to meet this requirement in every detail. From the light gray cover trimmed in deep azure to the advertising section, this journal is filled with variety and good sense. Careful writing is evidently its aim; the social essays and the departments show this in plenty. The short story, "They Also Serve," has sufficient climatic suspense to make any reader unwilling to lay it aside before reaching the end. Especially interesting among the various productions is the humor column headed "Chatterbox." The excellent cartoons sketched by Raymond Wray contribute an item of popularity to this journal that is well worth while.

The November issue of THE OLIVIA, a journal hailing from the Immaculate Conception Academy at Oldenburg, Indiana, presents its share of excellent literary work to the circle of school-magazine readers. The clean-cut appearance of

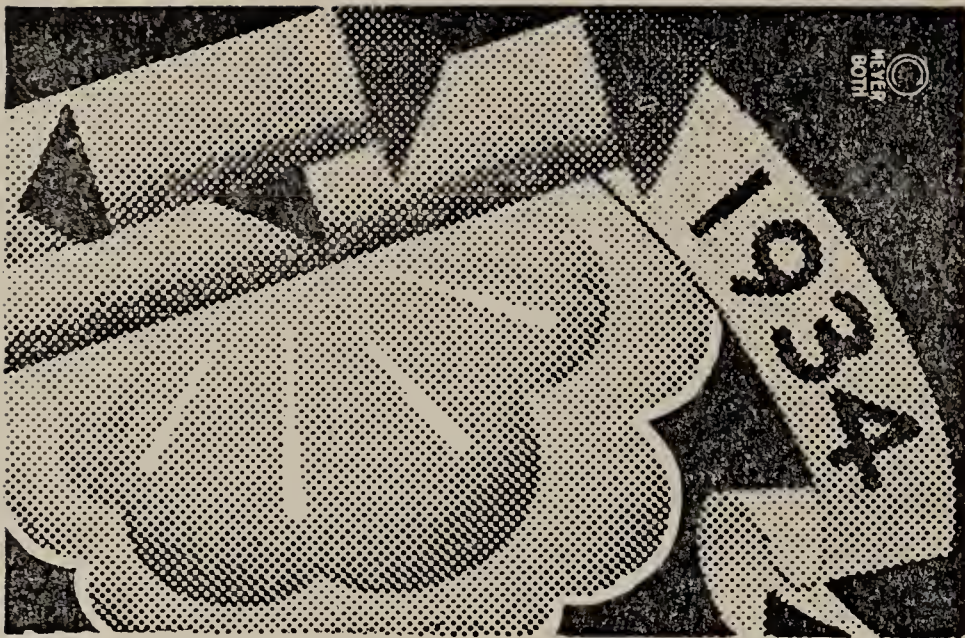
"The Olivia" throughout its forty pages with its touch of much good art marks it as an appealing exchange. The drawings by Mary Ann Caldwell, together with pictures and cuts used, add that life and spice which are always welcomed in publications. The story, "Jean's Secret," runs to a dramatic climax that is very diverting. Of especial interest is the article headed "The Shades of History" written by different students in the Modern History class at the Academy.

Among the quarterlies that come to our exchange desk is the CANISIUS QUARTERLY published by Canisius College, Buffalo, New York. Here is a journal highly intellectual in character. The poetry indicates hard work; the stories, sketches, and thoughtful essays result from painstaking efforts on the part of the respective writers. A proof that thrilling stories are not merely a modern invention may be found in that hair-raising legend, recast into good English by Richard J. Monan, entitled "The Red Hand of Ulster." This legend gives in detail many of the gruesome incidents that belong to the early history of Ireland. In his old age, Milidh offers the rule of the new land, Innisfail (now

Ireland), together with his daughter, Maura, to the first man who should touch the new land. Twenty yards from the coveted shore, Shan O'Neill, who is in love with Maura, sees that he is in danger of losing the prize to his bitter rival, Black Michael. In consequence, O'Neill snatches up his battle-ax, cuts off his own right hand and with his left hand throws the severed mem-

ber ashore just ahead of the straining prow of his rival's boat. Milidh lands a little later; greets Shan O'Neill as "King of Innisfail" and carries out his promise in regard to his daughter, Maura. This, according to the legend was the first day of Irish history. The legend comprises all the interest that one might look for in an idealistic novel.





LOCALS

PROFESSION AND INVESTITURE

ON the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, the students whose names are here given made their promise of fidelity to the Community of the Precious Blood: Arnold Meiering, Richard Baird, Bernard Schmitt, Anthony Traser, Rudolf Bierberg, Hugh Hasson, Norman Heckman, Ambrose Heiman, George Heinzen, Warner Hemmelgarn, William Higgins, Leonard Kostka, Gerard Krapf, Norbert Loshe, Edward McCarthy, Henry Martin, Edward Maziarz, Bernard Mores, Joseph Nienberg, Victor Ranly, Harold Roth, John Samis, Roman Schnipke, Vincent Shafer, Michael

Spegele, Francis Watzek, and August Wolf.

The following were invested with the cassock: Herman Herbst, Roman Anderson, Robert Beckman, John Flaherty, William Frantz, John Kavanaugh, George Kelly, Robert Lux, Lawrence Mertes, Benjamin Reddington, Louis Telegedy, Charles Wagefield, Walter Widmer, John Spatt and Paul Zeller.

Of the Brothers who took part in the ceremonies Brother Louis Stock made his perpetual promise, Brother Frederick Baechtel, his temporary promise, while Brothers Lawrence Wint and Lawrence Hoorman received the cassock.

Christmas!

With the soft, sweet strains of "Silent Night" coming from a violin troup, Collegeville was awakened and bid visit the new-born King. He was found, as of old, lying in the humble manger. His Mother and Joseph

at His side, and shepherds kneeling around in adoration. The crib with its evergreens and colored lights was beautiful. But more beautiful was the Solemn Sacrifice; the spirit of true love reaching every

fibre of one's body. And He, Love Itself, was personally present. Could Christmas Day, so begun, be ought but what it should be?

The spirit of Christmas was present everywhere in Collegeville. The refectory, decorated in red and green re-echoed with numerous shouts of "Merry Christmas." The club rooms were no less vocal with similar greetings. In one of these rooms, a Christmas tree in full splendor seemed to smile at everybody as the Christmas carols drifted through its branches from an excellent radio.

On the evening of Christmas Day, the annual Christmas program was held in the Raleigh Club. "Pepper" Martin's orchestra set the pace with "The End of a Perfect Day,"

but the day was not perfect until at the end of the program the same tune drifted away into the silent, snowy night. Several of the faculty members attended the program, and among these was the Very Rev. Rector. Of course the entertainment could not be amusing without the usual solos. At these, Tony Traser did his best. Father Joseph Hiller directed the choir to the strains of "Freuden Reiche Weinachten" and "The Birthday of a King." "Doc" Baird, ever with the proper word at the proper time and in the proper manner, managed the program smoothly from start to finish. The jolly evening was prolonged by an hour beyond the usual time for retiring.

The Choir

Favorable comment is deserved by the choir for helping to make the Christmas celebration fully enjoyable. At Solemn High Mass it proved its ability to sing remarkably well by rendering for the first time the beautiful song "The

Birthday of a King." There is hardly a Christmas carol that is more devotional and inspiring. Credit is due to Father Hiller for making the choir what it is at present—an able group of singers.

Did You Know That—

St. Joseph's College was incorporated in 1890.

The library contains about 18,000 volumes.

The Collegian is sent to Italy, Austria, Mexico, Ireland, England, and Canada.

Twelve hundred tons of material were used in the construction of the grotto.

The nave of the chapel seats 600 persons.

The Power Plant was completed in 1923 at a cost of \$90,000.00

The printer uses half a ton of lead in making up every edition of the Collegian.

In 1921 a new pipe organ was installed in the chapel at the cost of \$14,000.00

Collegeville can eat 200 chickens per meal.

Each week about 4,000 pool balls drop into the pockets of the pool

tables in the Raleigh Club billard room.

The ping-pong ball bounces about forty-eight miles per week. In oth-

er words, if all of it's energy were put into one big bounce it would start in Collegeville and land in Lafayette.

Local Enterprisers

Lately a new sign made its appearance in Collegeville. "The College Sweet Shoppe." printed in old English letters, is now suspended above the main door of the local confectionery. The Sweet Shoppe does quite a business. Every month five-hundred soft drinks (Coca Col- as preferred) and two-thousand can- dy bars (Snickers preferred) glide over its counters. The proprietors of this little business, Bill Pank and Al Geimer, have been advertised as "the dentists who will fill your sweet tooth." In just a few days these two dentists will turn over the

keys to Doctors Frank Gannon and Bill Conces, who will carry on the noble work of filling every one's sweet tooth.

Brother Dave, the local tobac- conist, sells 7,000 cigarettes per month (Camels preferred).

The big pressman of Collegeville, Joe Fontana, tells us that each year about 440 suits pass beneath the thirty pound electric iron in his creasing emporium. Joe says, "Come down to see me sometime—bring your suit along."

No, we were not paid to write this.

Stalking the Seniors

During the past month we, the editors of this column, received a letter asking us if we would stoop so low as to peep through keyholes. We answered, "Who can peep through a key hole without stoop- ing? Except Dub Welch, and he

would have to use a soap box to get near the darn thing."

So this month we are using a new method for revealing the secret vices of the Seniors (the villains). Here 'tis.

Caricatures

Tall and slim . . . black hair . . . favors Republican party . . . carries himself like a general . . . misogyn- istic beyond control . . . president of

the Senior Class . . . handles the C. L. S. lucre . . . a clear thinking fellow . . . favorite son of Rhodelia, Kentucky . . . Tom Buren.

Black curly hair . . . Roman nose . . . prefers Chesterfields . . . plays checkers . . . considers Altieri as a friendly enemy . . . business man- ager of the Collegian . . . Sec. and

Treas. of the Senior Class . . . talks in his sleep . . . great financial ability . . . hails from Ft. Wayne . . . a Bing Crosby fan . . . Dom Pallone.

Six foot two . . . gets along without a comb . . . tolerates McKune . . . considers Welch a necessary evil . . . sometimes bored with things in general . . . takes his vacations in Louisville . . . makes foot-

prints on the sands of time with a pair of nines . . . specializes in brilliantly vague remarks . . . editor of the Collegian . . . never in a hurry . . . Shad Horrigan.

Baby blue eyes . . . mania for green hats . . . connoisseur of candy . . . queer notions on life . . . quite a musician . . . assistant editor of the Collegian . . . despises the Indiana climate . . . excellent student

. . . admires Rubinoff . . . haunts the Raleigh Club . . . advocates classical music . . . indescribable nose . . . alternates his residence between Louisville and Nashville . . . Bill McKune.

Comfortably above a medium heighth . . . questioning blue eyes . . . the Walt Winchell of St. Joe's . . . looks well in brown . . . kindly tolerant attitude towards classes . . . as a writer and cartoonist, brilliant

but a bit erratic . . . the principal reason why many a senior doesn't sleep nights . . . feared by even McKune . . . detests affectation . . . thinks mighty straight when he has to . . . Ed Fischer.

Ciceronian profile . . . thinks Mussolini is O. K. . . always speaking of Italy . . . wears white sox . . . co-captain of the football team . . . president of the C. L. S. . . . ambitious to be a public speaker . . .

receives more mail than anyone else in Baker Hall . . . "a jug of wine, a loaf of bread" . . . resides in Louisville, but spends most of his summer in Cincinnati . . . Dom Altieri.

Diminutive sort of chap . . . wears loud ties . . . talks plenty . . . ostentatious at times . . . assistant stage manager . . . lives on

milk . . . swell kid . . . another Ft. Wayne product . . . big hearted Dub Welch

Carries his hat six feet two inches above terra firma . . . nutty as a pecan . . . nice voice . . . good

impersonator . . . the Traser dynasty reigns in Lima, Ohio . . . "Elmer" . . . Tony Traser.

Librarian . . . has a smile with plenty of "It" . . . pleasing writer . . . fast on his feet . . . unpacks

his trunk in Detroit . . . as an artist, not bad at all . . . Norb Sulkowski.



SPORTS

CARDS TRIM ST. JOHNS, 37-34

THE air was full of verve and pep and the odor of toiling athletes as the Cardinals handed the clever quintet from St. John's, Whiting, a thrilling defeat. Referee Strole's whistle pocketed, the score showed 37 to 34. The Cards had come through for victory in the last five minutes of the fray. Not St. Joe's tried warriors, however, but two newcomers, two midget guards—Andres and Beeler, swung the balance arm in our favor.

St. John's, coached by Martick, their forward, a letter man of Indiana university, flashed a snappy brand of ball. Papach and Ryan were the big guns for the steel town men. Ben Bubala, once a St. Joe boy, forsook his guard position and played at forward.

The first half of the game was a see-saw affair, ending with St.

John on top 19 to 26. In the second half Fontana and Shank, St. Joe's alternating centers, with Trasler playing his usual fighting game, led the Cardinals into those hectic five minutes. They were within three points of the visitor's score: Beeler, dribbling in deep, shot from the foul circle and jumbled the statistics to read 33-34. Then Eddie Andres aimed from mid-court, and quivered the nets with the winning shot. Hession dumped in a one-hander. Through the timekeeper's gun smoke gleamed the final score, 37 to 34.

The Cardinals gave evidence of emerging from the stupor that had played havoc with their recent playing. Their game was not yet perfect, and there were discouraging mistakes, but the curtain has started upward.

Lineup and summary:				St. John's (34)	
St. Joseph's (37)		B. F. P.			
Downey, rf	-----	2	1	3	Ryan, rf -----
Traser, rf	-----	2	0	1	Striko, rf -----
Hession, lf	-----	2	1	1	Dubick, lf -----
Fontana, c	-----	1	6	1	Sandrick, lf -----
Shank, c	-----	2	0	1	Bubala, lf -----
Scheidler, rg	-----	1	1	2	Papach, c -----
Andres, rg	-----	1	0	0	Dancisak, rg -----
Horrigan, lg	-----	2	0	1	Martick, lg -----
Beeler, lg	-----	1	0	0	Referee: Strole (B
					Timekeeper: Biver

GALLAGHER TRIPS UP ST. JOE
BY 25-23 SCORE

Fate disappointed the Cards with the smaller part of the score, 25 to 23, in the affair with Gallagher College. From start to finish the spectators stood and shouted; for whenever the brown globe swished through the dangling net, it meant a tied score or a new side in the lead. St. Joe shouldered defeat, but the game as a thriller satisfied.

The Irishmen's technique was as nifty as their new uniforms. In height of men they had a distinct advantage over our team, and these men could shoot, pass, block and dribble. The Cardinals, however, on the whole, easily outplayed their opponents, but had not yet found their basket eye. The records show two balls that connected out of twenty-two shots in the last half, and seven failures within four feet of the iron hoop. Gallagher shot eleven times and rang up three two-pointers. In foul shots, however the Red Birds took seven out of twelve chances, while the visitors won only four out of nineteen.

Lineup and summ		St. Joseph's Coll. (2	
Downey, rf	-----		
Traser, rf	-----		
Hession, lf	-----		
Bruskotter, lf	-----		
Shank, c	-----		
Fontana, c	-----		
Petit, c	-----		
Horrigan, rg	-----		
Beeler, rg	-----		
Scheidler, lg	-----		
Andres, lg	-----		

Gallagher College (2	
Caron, rf	-----
Stern, rf	-----
Eckard, lf	-----
Leonard, c	-----
Richards, rg	-----
Wulfe, lg	-----
Byant, lg	-----

Score at half: 15-
Referee: A. Etter
Etter.
Time of halves: 2
Timekeeper: Biver

CARDINALS LOSE AGAIN 15-13

Another heartbreaking defeat is what St. Joe brought back from the match played at Huntington College December 16. The game was exemplary in defense. The Cards, having lost the first tip-off, adapted themselves to Huntington's slow-passing, then they started fast-breaking offense plays. At the intermission, the score was 5 to 3; the teams tying in baskets, Huntington leading on seldom-missed foul shots. St. Joe broke through the zone for a few crisp shots, but the forwards missed numerous angle shots. Huntington found it hard to penetrate St. Joe's shifting defense and got most shots as rushers or one-handers.

When things looked gloomiest, Coach DeCook sent in Gene Beeler for Captain Scheidler, and soon Gene sank three one-handers. These gave St. Joe a lead of 10 to 7. A charity toss and a basket tied the

score again. And so on. Finally, with one minute to go, the score knotted, Huntington's forward reached up and dropped in a "sleeper." Our varsity thus lost its second game in two years on the Huntington floor.

Lineup and summary:

St. Joseph's Coll. (13)	B.	F.	P.
Downey, rf	0	0	2
Traser, rf	0	0	1
Hession, lf	0	0	0
Fontana, c	1	1	3
Shank, c	0	3	4
Horrigan, rg	0	1	0
Scheidler, lg	0	0	1
Beeler, lg	3	0	1
Huntington Coll. (15)	B.	F.	P.
Cook, rf	0	2	0
Goodale, rf	2	0	2
Coble, c	0	2	0
Kilsey, rg	1	0	1
Ware, rg	1	0	1
Davis, lg	1	1	1

CARDINALS BOW TO VALPAR-

AISO, 41 TO 29

In the most sensational and clean-cut game recently played on the local floor, St. Joe's basketeers lost the laurels to the powerful Valparaiso U. team. It was a clever contest with ball-passing predominating. Few long shots were attempted, and both teams maneuvered the spheroid for crisp and short angle shots that fired the onlookers with intense interest and enthusiasm.

From Strole's first whistle blast

to the last six minutes the score zigzagged to give neither team a comfortable edge. Valpo scored first with a guard-around block play. Shank, destined to make an indelible name for himself, leaped from his pivot spot and wheeled in a double. The huge upstate center dumped one in, and Hession retaliated with a one-hand angle shot. So the conflict continued for the first half; score 20 to 15, Valpo leading.

Hostilities were resumed, the

Cards persistently dogging the Valpo score by four or five points. With seven minutes left to play, the Cardinals began to droop. Their defense weakened, and all too hot came the two-pointers, that put the skids under the wearied Reds. The bottom fell out of St. Joe's attack, and there gaped the dismal abyss from which arose the wilting fumes of defeat. Valpo's basket, a minute from then on, gives a false impression of the varsity's valor during the major part of the battle.

Shank, St. Joe's big gun, must have looked like a cannon to Valpo. He lived up to his rating at the Indiana State Tournament two years ago—All-State center. In fourteen attempts from the field he made seven goals and added two points out of three tries from the foul stripe, a total of sixteen points. NRA member? Well, he did his part.

Comparative Data			
Team	Shots Tried	Shots Made	
Valpo	47	16	
St. Joe	35	11	
	Fouls Tried	Fouls Made	Score
	13	9	41
	9	7	29

INTRAMURAL SENIOR - LEAGUE BASKETBALL

Seniors Win League Opener 19-16
 In a fast moving game characterized by skilled ball handling and fast cutting offenses, the St. Joe Seniors routed the Fourth year. Mc-

Fifths, 18; Fourths, 16

In another close contest the College Freshmen had a hard time tak-

Lineup and summary:			
St. Joseph's Coll. (29)		B.	F. P.
Traser, rf	-----	0	1 1
Downey, rf	-----	0	0 0
Hession, lf	-----	1	3 1
Bruskotter, lf	-----	1	0 0
Shank, c	-----	7	2 3
Horrigan, rg	-----	1	0 2
Andres, rg	-----	0	1 1
Scheidler, lg	-----	1	0 1
Beeler, lg	-----	0	0 1
Valparaiso U. (41)		B.	F. P.
Bauer, rf	-----	4	4 0
Karr, rf	-----	0	0 0
Giessing, lf	-----	1	2 0
Boran, lf	-----	2	2 2
Barnekoff, c	-----	2	1 0
Sauer, c	-----	0	0 1
Kowalski, rg	-----	2	0 1
Anhold, rg	-----	0	0 0
Johnson, lg	-----	0	0 0
Ruchinski, lg	-----	5	0 1

Technical foul: Scheidler, St. Joseph's, too many time-outs.

Referee: Strole (Butler.)
 Umpire: Gaynor (Greensburg College.)
 Timekeeper: Biven (St. Joe.)

Kune's fast breaking was the backbone of the Sixth's attack. Ottenweller looked good as pivot for the Fourths; his teammate, Smolar, also starred on defense.

ing the Fourth's into camp. Both teams employed the varsity's sys-

tem of offense and defense with marked success. The Fourth Year stars, Smolar, Steiniger, and Vich-

uras had difficulty scoring through the defense work of LaNoue and Thornbury.

Sixths Down Thirds, 17-15

An over-confident Sixth year aggregation was put to the test to beat an ambitious Third year team. The latter fought hard, and the stellar pivot work of Hoover and the snappy long passes of Diedrick

nearly stumped the strong Seniors, but Kelty raised the scoring tabulations nine points, and Gannon produced the digits necessary to bag the game for the Seniors.

Fifths Overwhelm Seconds 28-7

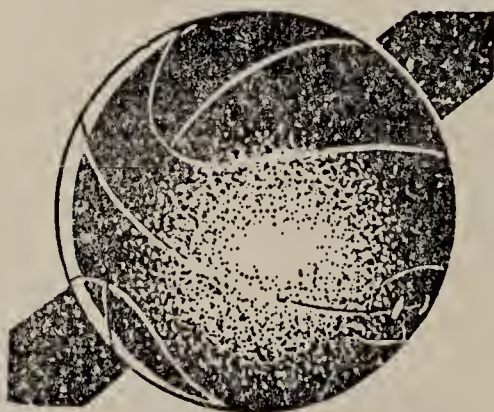
A scrappy little Second year five, inexperienced yet commanding respect, could not cope with the powerful College Freshmen and went down in defeat. Kappelhoff led

them, not ingloriously, but significantly enough to show he's got the stuff. Hartlage, the star forward for the Fifths, disturbed the drapes for eight points.

Fourths, 19; Thirds, 11

The last pre-vacation game in the Senior League brought the fast Fourths their first victory. The H. S. Juniors were the victims; and although they played a spirited game and worked their offense smoothly,

the calm and effective work of O'Connor and Ottenweller shrouded their hopes for victory. Hoover played a crack game at pivot for the Juniors; Diedrick and Ryan also starred on the defense.





Coach Raymond DeCook, B. Sc.



Humor



“What is sadder than a man who loses his best friend?”

“A hired hand who works for his board and loses his appetite.”

Then, too, you can tell a hick town by the fact that cows move over when you yell “Fore!”

Speaker: “What we want is men who have convictions; where will we find them?”

The Eternal Voice from the Rear: “Try Atlanta, Leavenworth or Sing Sing.”

A word to the wise, etc.—If you can’t sleep, move to the edge of the bed and see if you can’t drop off.

The final proof of honesty is to lose the argument rather than make up phony statistics.

Director: “Wait a minute, I’m going to use you in the next scene.”

Iggy: “At last, my big chance.”

Director: “Yes, get into the hind legs of that stage horse over there.”

Senator Ephraim Zilch says:

“A man isn’t licked until he admits that he alone was responsible for the dumb things he did.”

Elmer: “I paid a hundred dollars for that dog—part collie and part bull.”

Zeke: “What part is bull?”

Elmer: “The part about the hundred dollars.”

Volin: “Did you hear about the Scotchman who died of apoplexy?”

Storm: “No.”

Volin: “He was throwing pennies to children and the string broke.”

A Scotchman, an Irishman, a German, and a Jew were eating dinner together. When the meal was finished, and the waiter came with the bill, the Scotchman promptly said that he would take it. The next day a Jewish ventriloquist was found murdered.

A Gallant: “But what will your father say to our marriage?”

A Gal: “Oh, it’ll be all right. He always gives in to my foolish whims.”

The only difference between the bumps on the city streets and those of a paved highway is that those on the highways have feathers on them.

A fisherman spied a snake that had just caught a frog. Desiring the frog for bait, he tried unsuccessfully by prodding and other means to make the snake release its prey; finally he pulled out a flask and poured a little liquor into the snake's mouth. The snake dropped the frog and slithered away.

Some time later the fisherman felt a tug at his trousers and looking down, found the snake looking up expectantly—another frog in his mouth.

B. Pank: "How do you like the overcoat I gave you?"

Cvaniga: "It's all right but the buttons on the sleeve hurt my nose."

You don't see much hash now because they pour it on a lettuce leaf and call it a salad.

Four animals went to the circus—a duck, a pig, a frog, and a skunk. All of them got in except one. The duck had a bill; the pig had four quarters; the frog had a greenback, but the skunk only had a scent, and that was a bad one.

He: "Does your wife play contract bridge?"

Him: "No—judging from the cost I think it must be toll bridge."

O'Leary says that Pettit showed his ignorance when he tried to start a cuckoo clock with birdseed.

Rager: "I found this dozen eggs on the train."

Station Agent: "If they're not claimed in thirty days, they are yours."

Martin: "They say that a student should have eight hours sleep a day."

Hasson: "True, but who wants to take eight classes a day."

Barber: "You say you have been here before? I don't seem to remember your face."

Pallone: "Probably not, it's all healed up now."

McKune: "This violin is more than a hundred years old."

Welch: "I wouldn't worry; it sounds as good as a new one."

R. Kelly: "How long could I live without brains?"

J. Heckman: "Only time will tell."

Junk: "Boy, what a meal you have eaten; if you eat any more cake you'll 'bust'."

Bricker: "Well pass the cake and get out of the way."

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